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NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877.

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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.—MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, The Sultan of Turkey, Earl of Derby. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities, and the late Cardinal Antonelli. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

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ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—On Monday, and during the week, MR. AND MRS. WHITE. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills: Messrs. James Fernandez, J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Revelle, F. Strickland, J. Smyth, B. Pedley, G. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. Mellon, Manders, M. Brunett, Miss and Master Coote. To conclude with at 10.15, a Comic Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 7, GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME. At 8, SHAUGHRAUN, Messrs. C. Sullivan, S. Emery, W. Terriss, Brittain Wright, J. G. Shore, H. Vaughan, and Mesdames Rose Coghlan, Hudspeth, Taylor, C. Nott, E. Phillips, &c. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily. MORNING PERFORMANCES OF LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES, Every Morning until further notice.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.
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GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—Return of Mr. 100LE.—First Nights of Albery's new Piece, THE MAN IN POSSESSION, and Reece's New Burlesque WILLIAM TELL TOLD AGAIN, &c. Open 7, begin 7.15. Afternoon Performances every Wednesday and Saturday, (see Daily Papers).

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mrs. JOHN WOOD.—Production of an entirely new Comedy Drama, specially adapted from the French. THE DANISCHES powerfull cast of characters. On Monday, and during the week, at 8.15, will be presented in Four Acts, THE DANISCHES.—Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. C. Warner, Mr. C. Cooper, Mr. Sanford, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Darrell, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Winstanley, &c.; Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Edith Challis, Miss Lavis, and Mrs. John Wood. Preceded by, at 7.30, the comic drama of GOOD FOR NOTHING. Mr. George Honey, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Mr. E. Edmonds, Miss Telbin, &c. Box office open from 10 till 5. Doors open at 7.

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Morning Performance, Saturday, January 13. Doors open at 2; commencing at 2.30.—Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

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ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, punctually at Eight o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Ersser Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. Enormous success of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestocq, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. John S. Clarke, every Evening. On Saturday, and until further notice, commence at 7, with KEEP YOUR TEMPER. Followed by AMONG THE BREAKERS. Mr. J. S. Clarke, Messrs. Grahame, Turner, &c.; Mesdames Venne, Brunell, &c. After which, TOODLES. Mr. J. S. Clarke, Miss Turner. Conclude with THE LYING DUTCHMAN. Messrs. Cox, Marius, Taylor; Mesdames Venne, Williams, &c.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—SOLE PROPRIETOR—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.—Dancing in the New Hall.
NOTICE.—A MORNING PERFORMANCE of the PANTOMIME will take place every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 1.30 o'clock. Every evening, at 7 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime, by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Fry, entitled GRIMM GOBLIN; or, HARLEQUIN OCTOPUS, the DEVIL FISH and the FAIRIES of the FLOWERY DELL. Supported by Mr. Geo. Conquest, Messrs. Herbert Campbell, Geo. Conquest, jun., Henry Nicholls, Vincent; Mdlles. Du Maurier, Victor, Denvil, Inch, Sisters Claremont, &c. A Wondrous Fight Scene, by Mr. George Conquest and Son, introducing new Jumps, Leaps, Dives, &c. To be followed by the Harlequinade. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE, Westminster Bridge Road.
TWO PERFORMANCES of the PANTOMIME DAILY, at 2 and 7 o'clock respectively.

Production (on a scale of splendour never before attempted on either side of the Atlantic) of an Original, Grand Comic Pantomime, written by Mr. W. M. Akhurst, and entitled GULLIVER ON HIS TRAVELS; or, HARLEQUIN ROBINSON CRUSOE, HIS MAN FRIDAY, and the BRIGHT SPIRIT OF ROMANCE. Scene Four is entitled "The Palace of the Queen of Nations." THE GRAND CONFERENCE, in which Representatives of all Her Majesty's Dominions will present themselves, together with "Horses and Animals from all explored parts of the World," including the largest and smallest Elephants, Camels, Dromedaries, Reindeers, the wonderful trained Giraffes (standing eight feet high), Bears, &c., &c. The Messrs. Sanger consider themselves fully justified in challenging the entire profession to produce the novelty and magnificence displayed in this "Great Scene." Scene Eight—"The Pathless Regions of Ice." Eighty-three-and-a-half Degrees North. The Alert and Discovery in Winter Quarters. The Grand Transformation. —Prices: Private Boxes, from £1 11s. 6d. to £5 5s.; Balcony Dress Stalls, 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit Stalls, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Box-office now open, from 10 till 4, under the direction of Mr. C. E. Stuart, to whom all cheques and money orders should be made payable.

SANGER'S NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.
—GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE, DAILY, at Two o'clock.—The Great Equestrian Company and the BEST PANTOMIME EVER PRODUCED. Prices as above. Secretary, Mr. Sidney Cooper. Stage Manager, Mr. Henry Bertrand.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.—Every Evening, at Eight, BROEKMAN'S CIRCUS and Great MONKEY PERFORMANCE, from the Alexandra Palace. The Performance takes place on the stage. Doors open at 7.30; commence at Eight. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 4s.; Dress Circle, 3s.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Children Half-price to all parts except Gallery. MORNING PERFORMANCES every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate. The New and Magnificent Pantomime of OPEN SESAME; or, HARLEQUIN THE FORTY ROBBERS OF THE MAGIC CAVE. New Grand Pantomime Every Evening at 7. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 12.30, to which Children under 10 half-price. Box-office open 11 till 4. No Charge for Booking.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening, at 6.45, the GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, called TURLU LULU; or, THE THREE ENCHANTED HATS. Mrs. S. Lane, Mr. Fred Foster, Miss Pollie Randall, Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Fox, Drayton, Reeve, Rhoyds, Pitt, Hyde, Mdlles. Summers, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Mdlles. Fanny and Rosina Lupino. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with CHLORIS. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Jackson, Parry. Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Brewer.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street, Oxford-circus.—EVERY DAY and EVERY EVENING, at 2.30 and 7.30.—On and after THIS DAY the entrancing Fairy Spectacle CINDERELLA; OR, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER. Produced on a scale of magnificence. Costly dresses, gorgeous appointments. The ball-room a marvel of scenic effect. The whole supported by a troupe of juvenile artistes. The varied scenes in the Circle at each entertainment comprise a Star Company of Equestrians, Acrobats, Jugglers. Inimitable Grotesques, headed by the popular, favourite Clown, Little Sandy, who will appear at every representation. Admission 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Carriages may be ordered for Evenings at 10.20; Mid-day representations at 4.15. Box-office open from 10 till 4.—Proprietor and Director, Mr. Charles Hengler.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street, Oxford-circus. EVERY DAY and EVERY EVENING during the holidays, the entrancing Juvenile Spectacle of CINDERELLA, with Costly Dresses and Gorgeous Appointments, together with the best of Riders, the best of Gymnasts, the best of Clowns. Every day at 2.30. Every Evening at 7.30.—Proprietor and Director, Mr. Charles Hengler.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY (the Largest in London), New Bond-street, will Open in APRIL NEXT, for the Exhibition of PICTURES by Eminent Artists. Admission, One Shilling.

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER
of the
Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News
will contain, amongst other engravings, a Portrait of
MISS VOKINS.
" ' WARE WIRE. ' "
Drawn by J. Srurgess.
" ' WARD 3, DANGEROUS. ' "
A Portrait (in character) of
MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT.
THE CHILDREN'S PANTOMIME AT THE ADELPHI.
Scenes from the BIRMINGHAM (Theatre Royal) PANTOMIME.
AT THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.
SPORT IN THE SNOW.
BLOODHOUNDS. (Drawn by R. H. MOORE).

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.
LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877.
CIRCULAR NOTES.

"It may be our fault," says the *Examiner*, "but Mr. Terry's fun, except in a performance avowedly pantomimic and screaming, always makes us sad and sometimes angry; it is so full of effort, so absolutely destitute of humour." Without attempting to deal with the trifling question, "What is Humour?" and shrinking from the labour which would be involved in an exhaustive analysis of what the writer in the *Examiner* conceives to be Fun, we are inclined to think that it is his fault if Mr. Terry's fun makes him sad and sometimes angry. We confess at the same time that we are always sad after seeing a performance of Mr. Terry's; indeed, he makes us almost angry when we are reminded of the melancholy fact that he must one day shuffle off this mortal coil, leaving his buskins to be worn probably by an artist after the *Examiner's* own heart.

WHEN Mr. Goschen was entrusted with the seals of office at the Admiralty, the number of ingenious people who revealed the cause of the appointment to the comic journals was incalculable. He had been made Naval Minister because Goschen rhymed with ocean! We venture to guess that the vagaries of the Vicar of Hatcham

have been the cause of a similarly prolific crop of pleasantries. The reverend gentleman has defied a Bishop, defeated a Canon (Gee), and amused a combustible congregation in a manner scarcely consonant with the austerity of the Thirty-nine Articles. At least so runs the record. But it is palpably not the belligerent parson's eccentric defence of his "rights" that has inspired the wits.

Tho' Shakespeare asks us, "What's in a name?"
As if cognomens were much the same,
There's really a very great scope

for the conceits of the epigrammatists, in the overwhelmingly comic fact of the hero of Hatcham being named Tooth. One of those numerous anti-ritualistic correspondents who have had their joke out of the unhappy clergyman, writes thus:—

There's been scratching, and biting, and calling of names
In Hatcham's high-church, be-candled St. James's.
Says Vicar to Bishop, "You dare suspend me!"
I care less for your 'Woe!' than I do for your GEE."
Says Bishop to Vicar, "I ne'er since my youth
Had half so much trouble to drag out a TOOTH."

If English Opéra-bouffe enter upon a new period of prosperity, and there is every prospect of its doing so, it will be owing to the advent of Miss Alice May, Mr. R. South's "discovery." She is a splendid actress and a vocalist of unusual capability. Remembering how hackneyed opéra-bouffe has been in London by all kinds and conditions of so-called "queens of comic opera," the effects which she produces on jaded critical audiences are little short of wonderful. To see her in La Belle Helene, the Grand Duchess, and Madame Angot, is to experience a pleasure as considerable as it is new.

WE think it due to a correspondent who has our welfare at heart, to formally acknowledge with becoming gratitude his advice to our Reviewer. He writes:—"Amongst books received, you have ——. If you can find room for a short notice of —, a story which began in the October number, you will not regret it, for the author has written many excellent novels. — is artistic to an extreme degree, and life is well painted. A very few words in your valuable paper will be of great service to both the Editor of the — Magazine and to the author of the story, which is running at present. Mr. —'s books have met with encouragement, deservedly, having plenty of matter as well as morality." What a world of trouble it would save reviewers if authors would write their own notices!

In a first-class comedy theatre, slightly under the influence of petticoat government, an instructive incident took place not long ago. During the rehearsal of a new piece, one of the young actresses spoke her line thus—"Madame, the papers are in the escritoire." Said the author, correcting her, "Mary, my child, say *écritoire*." "Yes, yes," put in the fair manageress, in reply to an appealing glance from the young actress, "the author is right, my dear, it is *spelt with an x*."

COME now, this won't do! What has divine Algernon done that he should be so treated? The first paragraph in the current number of *Mayfair*, embellished with a medallion portrait of the author of "Songs before Sunrise," runs thus:—"Mr. Swinburne will preside at the dinner to Mr. Alderman Cotton, M.P., which, as I announced a fortnight ago, has been 'offered' to the ex-Lord Mayor by the Garrick Club. The dinner takes place on February 13." Mr. Swinburne, forsooth! Mr. T. Swinburne, if you please. One can only dimly conjecture the sort of speech which the poet would make if he were called upon to propose the health of the Lord Mayor, who was his own Elkanah Settle. And it is the *junior* Garrick that is about to honour itself by entertaining the civic bard, not the Garrick.

A motto that might be adopted by Mr. Labouchere, the director of *Truth*.
"The World's mine hoister."

MR. JAMES EDWARD SMITH has a lively idea of what constitutes a Free Church. It is this:—"A 'Free Church' in the fullest use of the term, unattached to any particular communion; and the congregation are, by the trust-deed, at liberty to invite to the pastorate whomsoever they please, *provided he be a Calvinist holding the doctrines of the 'shorter catechism.'*"

AN incident in the professional life of Mr. Howe, inadvertently omitted from our biography of that worthy gentleman and painstaking actor which recently appeared in these columns, deserves to be chronicled. Some years ago—many years ago, in fact, it was when Her Most Gracious Majesty patronised the drama—the members of the Haymarket Committee went to the royal borough, and played *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. "The cast," included Mrs. Nisbet, Mr. Phelps, Miss Mordaunt, Mr. Braid, and Mr. Howe. After the performance, Her Majesty's servants made an excursion to the Park, and favoured by the rays of a convenient moon, danced around Herne's Oak—which was not railed round then as it is now. Next morning, they discovered that they had danced under the wrong tree!

If space would permit it would be rather interesting to show by extracts how deliciously contradictory is the *Daily Telegraph* in its statements; for instance, on Dec. 27 we read anent Boxing-night, at Drury-lane, "Not as of old are the voices kept back for a rattling music-hall song with a rollicking refrain. For the first time in history sentiment is attacked at the outset, and there is a very respectable acquaintance with the pretty ditty, 'Silver threads among the gold,' the first decided melody in the musical *pot-pourri*. The first attempt is so successful that

confidence is at once given for the songs of the streets in 1876; and whether it be the 'Same old Game,' or the emphatic and stentorian declaration that 'They all do it,' or the light and airy legend of the young man who is anxious to strike with feathers and stab with roses, or the ever-popular 'Obadiah,' or the utterly unnecessary request, 'Don't make a noise,' every voice is raised to swell the chorus, and the fine band is almost drowned by the vocal strength." On Dec. 28 another state of things was seen, for we read "To sing in chorus, 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' or the National Anthem, cannot, in a loyal country, be considered a violent breach of good manners. Yet these were about the only volunteer contributions which theatre-goers made to the last Boxing Night's theatrical entertainments."

THE FUN OF A PENNY SHOW.

BY WALTER PELHAM.

WE have passed by the "razor-paste man," the Turkey rhubarb vendor, the pillmongers, the male and female ballad-singers who alternately deliver the lines of their doleful ditty, "Cheap John," with his monstrous stock of guns, trays, rules, bridles, belts, braces, measuring-tapes, handsaws, &c., who asserts that "there's heverthink hinside, from a new-laid hegg down to a whippin'-top," and we are confronted with a moderate-sized wagon, locally termed "a caravan," painted bright yellow, to the stage of which is attached a flight of narrow steps. At the top of these, immediately in front of the highly-coloured pictorial advertisement of the wonders within, stands an ancient barrel-organ, a weather-beaten big drum, worked by the "organist's" foot; a pigmy pony; a too-old-to-be-mischievous monkey, clad in a velvet frock and Cavalier hat; a dingy cockatoo; and a bronzed female of the human species. This lady's chief duty is to take the pence for admission; but at the present moment she is actively engaged in playing, with one hand, the organ's sacred airs, which are rattled out at such a rate that the echoing fugue cannot be satisfactorily followed. With the other hand she is beating a Chinese gong, the while working the machinery attached to the drum with the delicate tread of her right foot.

Inspired by this delightful combination of sounds, a figure appears attired in a dirty, crumpled, pink cambric gown, a yellow tippet, and dingiest of trimmings, her *tout ensemble* being made specially attractive by an ugly mask, with goggle eyes and an ear-to-ear mouth, which, together with a bunch of dishevelled horsehair, falling partly and carelessly over the face, help to render her a thing of beauty and of joy for—at least as long as she jumps.

When the aforesaid sensational figure had jumped itself out of breath, there was made a last effort at discordant sounds, in which the organ, drum, gong, cymbals, monkey, and screeching cockatoo took prominent parts. The bystanders thus attracted were then assured, through the acoustic assistance of a service-bruised speaking-trumpet, of the "wonderful an' hunsurpassed hatteractions which is habout to be hexhiberted hinside, hall for ther low charge hof a penny!"

This is what a follower of Izaak might term "ground baiting;" but now comes the live sprat wherewith to tempt the mackerel. The former fish is a *Lusus nature*—a dwarf, immured in a two feet high model cottage. The cottage is portable, even when fully occupied, and is displayed near the entrance-door of the caravan, partly within the curtains through which the audience is admitted. Judging from the fact that one leg of the tenant protrudes through the framework of the parlour window, and the other through that of the drawing-room, while his arms are extended through the two window-frames of the front chambers, the reception-hall must be tolerably full. Nevertheless, the manager showman is vociferously but temptingly inviting the lookers-on to "Walk him, an' jeurdge for theirselves," an invitation given with a satirical perverseness and determination truly astounding, when we consider the easily-imagined position of the dwarf's nether extremities.

In further proof to the gaping crowd that the legs which are thrust through the windows, like guns in the portholes of a man-of-war, are those of a living lord of creation, a small speaking-trumpet is now being poked through the middle window of the third floor front, and, hark! the inmate of the cottage, in a high pitch of his somewhat throaty voice, says, "Ladies an' gen'elmen, I am forty 'ears of hage, a married man, with a large famlerly, thirty-two hinch 'igh, enjise the best o' 'ealth, an', ladies an' gen'elmen, I weighs ninety-one pounds fifteen bounces. As my stay in this place is short"—an obvious fact—"do not delay, but step hinside at oncet, as ther's jist room for a few more afore we begins." Like history, the dwarf repeated himself, and the speaking-trumpet was somewhat rudely wrested from his not over clean hands.

The showman then dragged the cottage and its human contents nearer the front steps of the wagon by the roof of that doubtless freeheld tenement, and in a not very hortatory manner told the impaled inmate to "favour the horjense with ther little sung ov 'Ome, Serweet 'Ome." After the dwarf's remarkable vocal exercise, everybody connected with this itinerant establishment again successfully endeavoured to outvie each other with discordant sounds, during which demoniacal contest we, with others of the motley crowd, determine to gratify our curiosity, and, barely escaping the lash of the spokesman's whip, enter the show.

Once within, the curtains at the doorway are drawn aside, and a standing-place secured in front of the shabby green baize which hides from public gaze the "wonderful an' hunsurpassed hatteractions" depicted in primary colours outside the caravan. There is but little light when we enter. Amidst cries of "Take off yer rats," the showman packs the audience, placing the shorter members of it in front. While rolling up his shirt-sleeves, he makes these observations: "Now, the fust part o' this heggysbushun what yer a goin' for to see is ther harmydiller of Serouth Haffery-kee, hof which there is two serexes." A small specimen of the armadillo is now held up, and thus described: "Ladies an' gen'elmen, yer sees hafone yer" (small boy at back of the lookers-on: "Here, master, shove him up 'igher—I can't see a bit") "yer sees hafone yer a mose remarkable specymint hof ther harmydiller hof Haffery-kee—an nanimel which limbs is sherort, an' kerlaws is strung, what lives hon the hants an' hother hinxex which he ketches hall with his tongue. Ther body, ladies an' gen'elmen, hof the harmydiller is pertected with a boney harmour, fastened hon his back with like belastic bans, an' 'is tongue is kivered hall hover with a stericky serlimer. Ther harmydiller, hunlike the weazle hof this country, serleeps with 'is heyes sherut, an' 'is merouth hopen, ther insex of his chise bein' hatteracted by the serweetness of his beutiful bereath, which, when fed hon his own nathural ferood, is as serweet as new-mowed 'ay! Hobserve, ladies an' gen'elmen, he is perfectly 'armless, an' 'as four feet. Ther harmydiller hof Haffery-kee, what lives hon the hants an' hinxex of furing kerlimes."

The boy, for whose special benefit the armadillo had been held unpleasantly high, here remarked, "Why its hony a suckin' pig," whereupon the inoffensive little animal was passed round to the ladies and gentlemen of the front row, that they might see "that ther" was no deception practised hat this istabishment." While several timid females were screaming with fright at the too close proximity of the strange creature, the showman proceeded to

arouse the wonder of the learned pig; and amidst the "umph, umph, umph," of that elevated creature order was restored.

"Ladies an' gen'elmen," said the exhibitor, "before you stans ther mose wonnerful pig in all keration." Immediately upon the utterance of this highly laudatory remark, the grunter made up his mind to stand no longer, whereupon the curly portion of the animal was seized by the showman, who gave an extra twist thereto, and the porker was aroused to a sense of duty.

The first test of the creature's intelligence was comprised in his indicating the young lady most deeply in love, showing, however, a propensity to pause opposite a recruiting sergeant, he received an additional twist to his curly appendage, which caused him to "move on" until he neared a wrinkled widow of some sixty winters, where he made an obstinate stand; and, to the wonder and delight of the audience, the blushing creature was declared publicly to be the "young lady mose deep hin love." The next test of the animal's thaumaturgical powers was to select with his nose which among the company was "the little boy as steals 'is mother's treacle." The pig again seemed inclined to loiter, until his tender curly appendage was about to be again screwed round by the exhibitor, when he took a sharp turn and stood opposite a rural policeman of six feet two. The showman, taking hold of one of the officer's buttons, asked the pig if "that was the little boy who stole the treacle?" Simultaneously with the utterance of the word "treacle" the poor brute received from the showman a surreptitious kick which elicited a reply that is construed into "yes," to the great delight of the audience.

The accomplished porker was then cautioned "to be very careful with the answer to the next question—Tell the ladies hand gentlemen, fearlessly, which is the biggest rogue in the caravan?"—the propounding of which led to an attempt at retirement on the part of several of the foremost rank of spectators. The showman then turned his back to the audience, and pretended to walk away; but on rattling some peas in his coat-pocket, the pig declined to leave the immediate vicinity of his master, who thereupon declared himself to be "the biggest rogue in the caravan," an affirmation which nobody present seemed inclined to question.

The pig's performance at an end, a dingy baize curtain in front of the small stage was withdrawn, and forth strutted the little man whose dangling legs exhibited outside the show had induced us to enter. The dwarf was attired in a suit of tightly-fitting, greasy, threadbare black, a sparrow-tailed coat, knee-breeches, black stockings, and buckle shoes. The face was deeply lined, mouth large, nose snub, head large, round and bald, complexion sallow, feet and hands disproportionately large, nails extending fully half an inch beyond the finger-tips. There were rings in his ears, a festoon of Abyssinian gold across his vest, and a further display of inexpensive jewellery upon each of his dirty hands. He was introduced by the proprietor of the show in these words:—"Neow ther nex' part o' this 'ere hexybishun is ther hunfort'nate fereak hof nachur which yer now see hafone yer. This 'ere little genelmun was born hof poor, but respekable, parents at Burneygum, in Warwickshire, hon ther fifteenth day of December, one thousan' hate 'undered hand thirty-four, an' is now consenkerly thirty-nine 'ears o' hage. He weighs ninety-one pounds fifteen an' a 'arf hounces. He was married at Westminster Habbey, hin ther presence of several keround 'eads, an' is ther father hof a large famlerly. He enjise the best of 'ealth; mishures thirty-two hinchs from the kerown of his head to ther serole of his fat, an' is allowed to be, without hexception, ther greatest wonder of the age. Ther little genelmun will neaw show his hexteryornary agily by dancin' a serailor's 'ormpipe, hafter which we allows him the prillyvige hof a gettin' what he can for hisself." The dwarf now stepped forward, and prepared to display saltatory powers, to the inspiring strains of the college hornpipe, produced by the showman from a set of pandean pipes.

The dwarf's days for "tripping it on the light fantastic toe" were evidently drawing to a close, and in his desire to make up by grotesqueness what he was deficient in grace, he not only "brought down the house" but himself also, upon the hard boards. He again assumed an upright position, and the little lady of his choice came forward, curtsying several times, and after seating herself comfortably in a suitably-sized chair gave, in a thin, wheezy voice, with a most noticeable lisp, the following account of herself:—"Ladith an' dentelmen, dentelmen an' ladith, I am conthidered to be the thmallesh woman in the known world. I am thirty-thix intheths in height. I meathures twenty intheths wound my waitht. I weighth ninety-four poundth an' am the mother of two children. My eyethight ith good, my limbth ith well-formed, an' ladith an' dentelmen it makes vewy little differenth to me whether I 'tand or whether I sit." After showing practically the little difference it did make, she said, "I with you ladith an' dentelmen a vewy good-night, an' I hope you will recommend me to your numerouth friendth," which we subsequently took an opportunity of doing, while our friend the showman resumed his "Honly a penny, honly a penny. Hi, hi, hi. Just ago in to begin. Honly a penny."

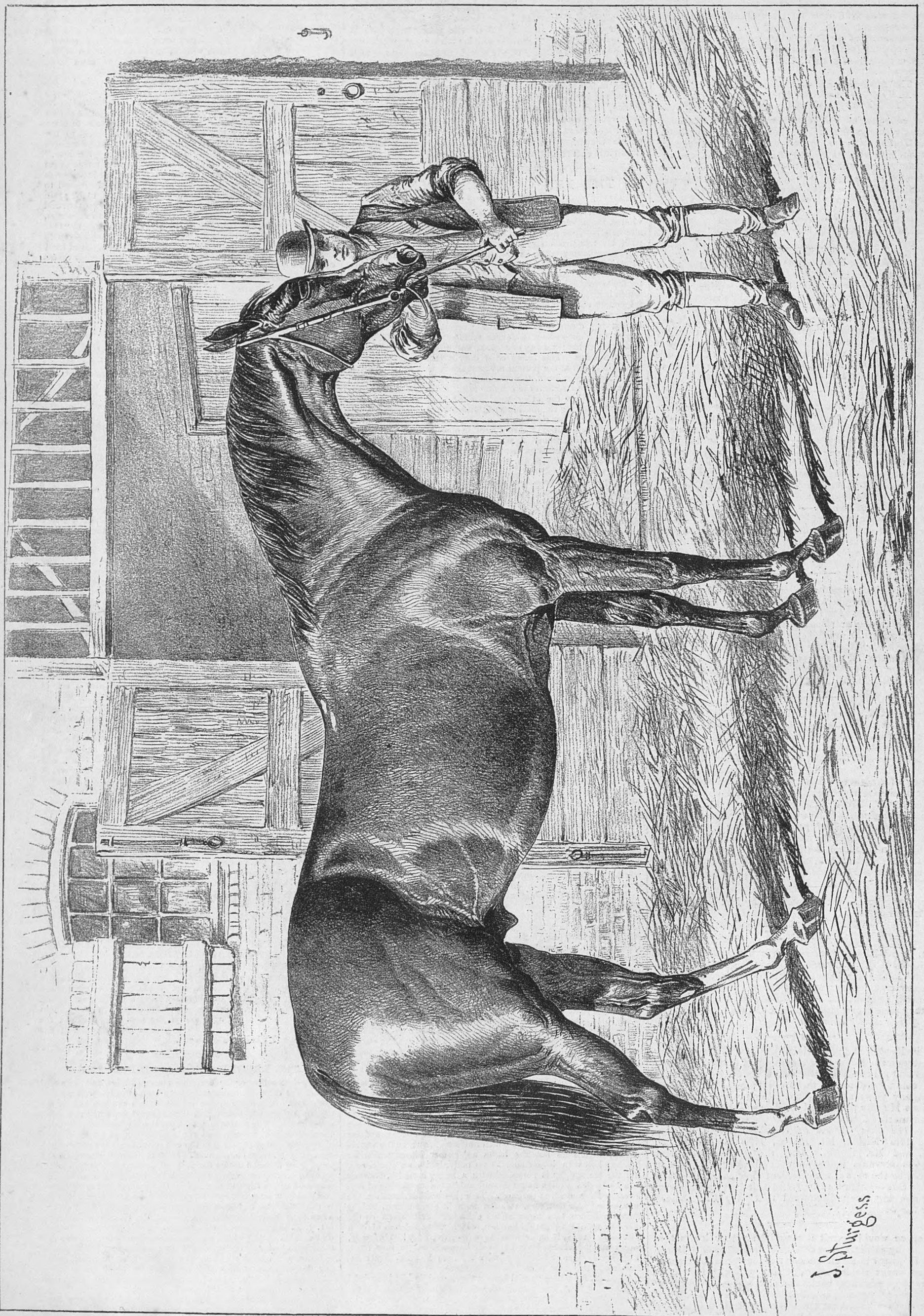
SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME AT THE BRITANNIA THEATRE.

A famous playhouse is the Britannia Theatre at Hoxton, standing not far from where in the days of Ben Jonson stood that other famous playhouse the Curtain, and famously do the Hoxtonians support it. It's rapid development from a publichouse saloon into one of the largest and best appointed theatres in the kingdom took place many years ago, and it has ever since enjoyed the largest measure of success. We gave a brief account of the pantomime at this house last week.

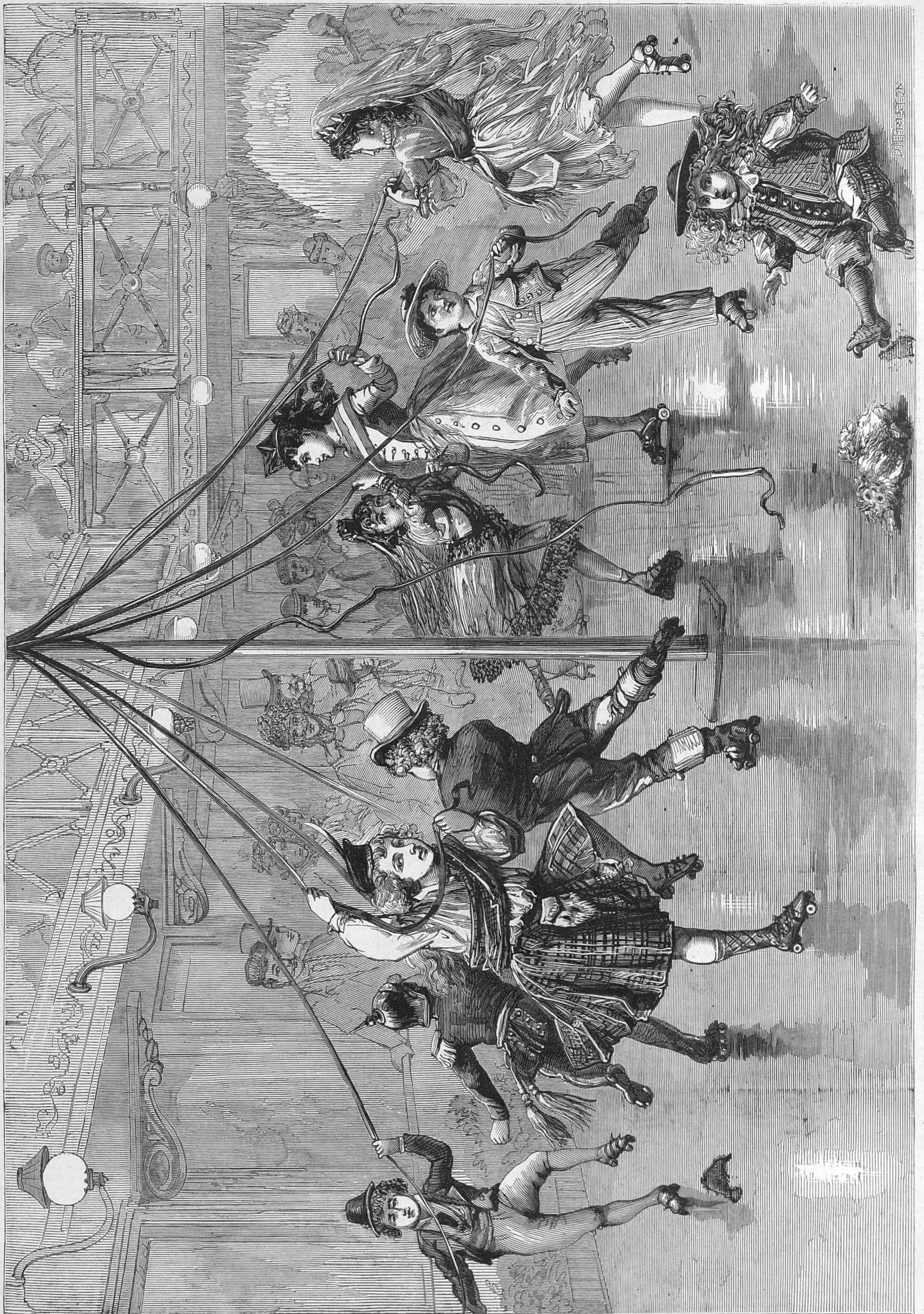
THE BROOKLYN THEATRE DISASTER.

THE destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre by fire, and the awful loss of life consequent thereupon, has been already dwelt upon in our pages. The scene of our artist's sketch realises exactly the description given in last week's "Oui Dire," from the pen of an eye-witness. The flames leaping from the flies, and curling about the flats behind, have thrown the audience into a frantic state of alarm, and that rush which in the end proved so frightfully disastrous has already commenced. Shrieks from the women and oaths from the men drown the voice of the actress (Miss Claxton) who so bravely and vainly appealed to the common sense and manhood of the frightened people. Our readers will remember—and probably long remember—that the scene in progress was the last of *The Two Orphans*, the hour being a quarter past eleven, when Miss Kate Claxton, Mrs. Faren, Mr. H. S. Murdoch, and Mr. J. B. Studley were on the stage. The fierce, mad struggle that ensued, during which men and women were borne down and trampled upon, and the entrances were blocked up by masses of fighting, yelling and shrieking people, has been described in all our daily contemporaries, and need not be again dwelt upon. The story is not flattering to humanity, and one thinks of it with a sense of humiliation which is hardly pleasant.

The portraits are those of Miss Kate Claxton, whose intrepid and generous conduct has been recognised in all quarters with enthusiastic admiration, and Mr. H. S. Murdoch, a young actor of great promise who was on the eve of visiting this country, and who unfortunately fell a victim to the flames.



FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD-ST. ALBANS.



PIERCESTON

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE EMPRESS SKATING RINK.

MONTHLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street, W. "A dead love," song, written by Mrs. Eric Baker, composed by Chas. Gounod. The words are poetical, the music is graceful and pathetic. "I fear no foe," song, written by E. Oxenford, composed by C. Pinsuti. The words are poetical in feeling, but such rhymes as "armour," and "glamour" are inexcusable. Signor Pinsuti's music is effective. "My Sailor Boy," song, written by Mrs. Eric Baker, composed by C. Pinsuti. The words are above the average. The music is expressive and graceful, though not equal in merit to the words. "God bless our Prince," song, with chorus, written by Fred. C. Leader, composed by G. Jacobi. The words are up to the average of patriotic effusions. The music is decidedly effective. "True for ever," song, written by Lady John Manners, composed by Miss V. Gabriel. The words are good, the music is tuneful but commonplace, and the modulation in the ninth bar is crude. "Hush?" by the same composer, is a commonplace setting of some fairly-written words by Russell Gray. "Sea Swallows," by the same composer, is a weak setting of some well-written words by G. March. "Time's up!" written by H. B. Farnie, composed by Rosenboom, is a vocal galop which is ill-suited to vocal purposes. "The Rose Tree," song written by Mary Mark Lemon, composed by O. Barri. The words are well-written, the music tuneful, but not original. The E in the eleventh bar of p. 3 requires the sign of the natural. "A Shadow," by the same composer, written by Adelaide Proctor, whose words are far above the average, and are indeed replete with true poetical charm, is a favourable specimen of the composer, who might, however, have easily avoided the accentuation of the word "that" in the eleventh bar of p. 2, "Haul in the bow-line," by the same composer, is a spirited setting of a well-written sea-song by H. B. Farnie. Mr. Barri seems to be unaware that "voyage" is a word of two syllables. The G in the second bar, p. 2, should be two quavers instead of a crotchet. "At peace, but still on guard," is a national song by the same composer. The words, by F. E. Weatherby, are effective. The music is vigorous. "I'll crown thee Queen," written by E. Oxenford, composed by B. Tours. The words are good, the melody is graceful, and the song will be welcomed by tenor singers. "Father Christmas," written and composed by Mr. Laird, is a seasonable song, with chorus to each of its six verses. The words breathe a cheerful, wholesome spirit, and the melody is appropriate. "Dear little flowers," song, written by L. B. L., composed by R. Stanley, who has set the mediocre words to a melody which is flowing if not fresh. "Gavotte in C," by M. Wellings. The leading theme of this gavotte is quaint and pleasing. Under the title of "Momens de Loisir," Messrs. Cramer publish eight characteristic pianoforte pieces by F. Lablache, all of which are characterised by genuine musical feeling, combined with sound technical knowledge. No. 2, a "Danse Iroquoise;" No. 3, "Nocturne;" No. 5, "Sur le Lac," are charming; Nos. 7 and 8, which are published together, are entitled "Bon Soir" and "Bon Jour," and the composer has happily contrasted the melancholy of parting accents with the joy of greeting. The prevailing rhythm of "Bon Jour" is felicitously employed. The eight pieces are also published in a complete volume, which will be an acceptable addition to every musical library. Mr. Hamilton Clarke's three "Characteristic Dances" (Mazurka, Polka, and Polonaise) are full of originality, and are not merely exemplifications of special dance rhythms, but brilliant compositions which will repay careful study.

ENOCH AND SONS, 19, Holles-street, W., publish in three separate volumes Schumann's "Waldscenen" (Forest-scenes), "Fantasie-Stücke" (Fanciful pieces), and "Album Blatter" (Album Leaves), beautifully printed on good paper, at 1s. 3d. for each of the two first named, and 1s. 6d. for the last, which contains the entire series of four books. Thus, for 4s., one may obtain thirty-seven of Schumann's best pianoforte pieces; a marvel of cheapness! Franz Abt's "Singing Tutor," price 4s., contains "Scales and Intervals," "Exercises for the Cultivation of Fluency," "Twenty Solfeggi," and "Twelve Exercises on Vocalisation." It is op. 474 (!) of the composer, whose name is a guarantee for mastery of the subject. "Home, sweet home," is a pianoforte transcription by A. Hennes, who has shown much inventive fancy in his treatment of the popular melody. "La Duchesse," a gavotte by M. Wellings, is a good exemplification of the quaint dance rhythm which has of late been so persistently illustrated. "Jo," by E. Solomon, is a Galop, upon airs employed in the drama, and is effectively adapted to dancing purposes. "The Arctic Expedition" Galop, by W. L. Frost, and the "Let go!" Galop, by C. H. R. Marriott, are also well suited to dancing purposes. A "Toccata," by Cotsford Dick, is well written. Surely, this able writer might now well leave dance-rhythms alone, and essay bolder flights. No. 1 of "The Organist," by W. J. Westbrook, will be a welcome acquisition to organists and harmonium players. The number contains several airs, well harmonised, with useful indications as to the stops to be employed, and does credit to the author and the publishers. "The Parting Hour" is a commonplace ballad, by S. H. Bradbury, with mediocre music by G. B. Allen. "Before Parting" is a ballad written and composed by Cotsford Dick. The words possess merit, which can hardly be said of the music. "Who would not be a soldier?" written and composed by A. Cellier, is not likely to add to his reputation.

DUFF AND STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W.—"Sailor Mine" is a well-written ballad by C. V. Bridgman. The composer, Mr. B. M. De Solla, trusts to memory rather than invention. The melody of the third line in each verse is very charming, and has always been admired by those who are familiar with Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen." "Saraband," by W. C. Levey, is a capital pianoforte arrangement of the saraband which was performed at the Haymarket in "Anne Boleyn." Mr. C. Oberthur, the well-known harpist, has written for the pianoforte two musical illustrations of Mr. Maclean's picture, "Looking back," and Mr. Pettie's "The Step." The first is inappropriate in style. "The Step" is fanciful and pretty. The "Don Quixote" Valse, by C. Coote, is a clever arrangement of the vocal waltz in Mr. F. Clay's opera, and will be very acceptable for dancing purposes.

HAMMOND AND CO., 5, Vigo-street, W.—"Fleur de Corail" Valse, by C. Lecocq, from his opéra-bouffe, *Ondines au Champagne*, is a bright, tuneful work. "Les Alsaciennes" Mazurka, by E. Tedesco, is fresh and pretty, and is also published in duet form, well arranged by R. De Vilbac. "Reverie" Valse, by C. Alvens, is suited to dancing purposes, but has no other recommendation. "Les Yeux Bleus" Valse, by G. Lamothe, is a charming composition. "Les Muses," a set of waltzes, by the same composer, are full of melody, and well arranged. The "Elvira" Schottische, "Bravura" Galop, "Sparkling Drop" Polka-mazurka, and "Adeline" Polka de Salon, are four dance compositions by J. Schmuck, who seldom attains originality in his themes, but whose music is well accentuated for dancing purposes.

RANSFORD AND SON, 2, Princes-street, W. "Paul and Virginia" an Idyl for the pianoforte by F. S. Glover, is a graceful little song without words. "The Burgomaster's Daughter," by the same composer is a pianoforte transcription of an air said to have been admired by her late lamented Majesty Queen Anne. "Les Jolies Filles d'Avignon," is an allegretto pastorale for

pianoforte, by the same composer, which may be useful for teaching purposes. "The Dream of the Nun," by the same composer. The Nun must have had a bad night of it if she dreamed so unmelodiously. "Pensée du Cœur" and "Hungarian Polka-Mazurka," two pianoforte pieces by G. Kuhn, are simple and melodious, and will be useful to teachers. "Sea Dew" is a song, written by S. Robertson, composed by L. Silvani. The words are of average merit, the music is commonplace, and is disfigured by the frequent accentuation of unimportant particles that should have been placed in less prominent positions. "Under the Lilies," is a song by the same authors, and is even less meritorious than the preceding one. "A Jug of October," is a Bacchanalian song, written by W. H. Hadley, composed by Theodore Distin. The words are spirited, and the melody is vigorous and appropriate.

B. WILLIAMS, 19, Paternoster-row. The "Holly Berry" waltz by E. Waldimier, is a well-written and melodious waltz. "Here we are Again," Schottische by Grimaldi (?) is cleverly arranged for dancing purposes. "She's Gone!" words by H. Golding, music by R. Horner, would be more acceptable if the words were less commonplace and the music original. "The Wicklow Rose," words by R. Reece, music by G. B. Allen, has little of the Irish character. The words are better than the music which is to the last degree feeble. "Fancy Yourself in His Place," words by H. P. Matthews, and "Keep the Pot A-Boiling," words by E. V. Page, are two songs of the philosophical music-hall type, with suitable music by V. Davies.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners-street, W., publishes the following pianoforte compositions by J. Leybach:—"Zampa," a brilliant and effective transcription of airs from Hérold's opera; "4th Bolero," a melodious specimen of the Spanish rhythm; "L'Alsacienne," a brilliant waltz fantasia; and "Heureux Pré-sage," a duet for harmonium and pianoforte, calculated to display the powers of advanced performers on those instruments. "L'In-génue" is a pianoforte arrangement of the "Morceau à la Gavotte," by Signor Arditi, which was successfully played at the recent Promenade Concerts. A "Military March," by Charles B. Braham, is said to be "founded on the song, 'England loyal will remain,'" of which we never heard until now, but which is evidently of spirit-stirring quality. "Un Songe du Ciel" is an easy pianoforte transcription, by F. Pascal, of an air by Batiste, which is embellished with arpeggio passages in the Sidney Smith style. "Silver Threads," by A. Grenville, is an easy but effective pianoforte arrangement of the well-known melody. The "Alma Valses," by H. Weist Hill, although not conspicuously original, are well arranged for dancing purposes. "Autrefois," by F. Pascal, is an agreeable little piece, quaint and effective. The following pianoforte pieces are by L. Gregh:—"En poste," grand galop di bravura, a spirited, lively piece, carefully fingered where necessary. "Les Bergers Watteau," air de danse Louis XV., is a successful attempt to reproduce the characteristic rhythms of dance music at the beginning of the last century, and deserves to become popular. "Le Chant du Seraphim" is an "improvisation pour piano," but is so elaborately embellished with difficult passages that it is alarming to think what the composer might do if he were to take pains. Whatever may be thought of the leading melody (and we must frankly confess that we should have expected better things from a Seraph), there can be no doubt that this piece is not only suitable as a "show-piece," but will be serviceable as a demi-semi-quaver exercise. "La Perle du Riyage," by E. Nollet, is a brilliant and effective waltz, which is also published in duet form. "Jo" is the title of a song written by E. J. Oliver, composed by J. B. Waldeck. The words are suitable to the subject, and describe the desolate condition of poor Jo, but the opportunity has been lost of a pathetic development of the poor outcast's loving recollection of the nameless friend who had been "werry kind" to him. The music is not equal in merit to the words, the melody being sad commonplace and the harmony unsatisfactory. "An Englishman's song for Christmas; we may never have the chance again," is the copious title of a song and chorus by F. M. Ward. The four verses of the poem are printed on a separate page, and are marked "copyright." We are, therefore, denied the pleasure of presenting them to our readers, but we may venture to quote, as a specimen of their quality, the chorus—

"From his throne of ice
He cries rejoice!
You may never have the chance again!"

When we add that the music is worthy of the words, we feel that it is needless to say more.

WILLEY & CO., 52, Great Marlborough-street, W.—"Only to tell," is a song written by J. S. Lyons, composed by W. F. Taylor. We have met with better words, and we must object to such rhymes as "these" and "cease," but Mr. Taylor's melody is bright and catching. "The Fallen Star" is a song by the same authors. The poet, contemplating a star, wishes his fate were linked with it. In the second verse a serious circumstance occurs—"The star fell from the sky!" The poet thereupon moralises pathetically, with many italics,—thus—

"It vanished in the brine
While I surveyed the scene,
But had that star been mine,
Oh! where should I have been?"

We really cannot say—probably "in the brine"—at all events, in a terrible pickle. Mr. Taylor has written a flowing melody, which though suitable to the words of the first verse is scarcely appropriate to the sad catastrophe described in the second. "Between the lines" is another song by the same co-labourers. Both words and music have merit, and the song is interesting. "The home of rest" is a song, written by C. J. Rowe, composed by E. F. Rimbault. The words are well-written, excepting where an attempt is made to rhyme "cares" with "years." The melody is well harmonised, but ineffective.

WEEKES & CO., 16, Hanover-street, W. "Al mio ben" is a vocal waltz by L. Favella. The Italian words are of the usual amatory type; the music is remarkably graceful and pleasing. "Westward ho! for England!" is a song written by F. Griffin, composed by W. H. Treffry, and glorifies the popular heir to the throne, in the usual *ad capiamus* style.

MOUTRIE AND SON, 55, Baker-street, W. "The Arrow and the Song" is a setting of Longfellow's poem by F. F. M. Moutrie, who has not unsuccessfully endeavoured to embody in his music the spirit of the words. "Trois Mazurkas," by A. Chodacki, are well worth the attention of amateur pianists; the second ("La Folâtre") is especially charming.

BERTINI AND CO., 40, Poland-street, W. "L'Addio," Romance pour le Piano, by E. Roeckel, is unsympathetic and laboured. "The Beacon's Light" is a song written by W. Fox, composed by A. Fox. The words are good, excepting the opening couplet of the last verse, in which the conjunction "and" is out of place, and should be changed to "while." The music is bold and effective.

WILLIAMS AND CO., 221, Tottenham Court-road. "Kiss me To-night" is the attractive title of some flowing verses by Emma Moore, indifferently well set by Rosina, who cannot be allowed to accentuate the first syllable of "forsaken," to say nothing of her unacceptable harmonies.

WILLIAM MORLEY 70, Upper-street, Islington. "Twas Only a Year Ago, Love," is the title of a remarkably pretty

song, written by G. Whyte-Melville, and set to charming music by Leonard Barnes.

HOWARD AND CO., 28, Great Marlborough-street, W. "The Goodwin Sands," a well-written song by V. Grahame, with vigorous music by F. Scarsbrook. The proofs have been carelessly corrected, and the typographical errors are numerous.

COMPOSERS' PUBLISHING COMPANY, 46, Leicester-square.—"The Veil of Night" is a song, written by J. Piper, composed by F. de Yrigoyti. We cannot forego the pleasure of quoting the first four lines—

"Veil of the evening, why now are you closing
Hills from my sight so distant and new?
Let me again hear the sweet thrushes mingle
Of song with its quiv'ring pigeon-like coo."

The music is even better than the poetry.

A. F. MILLS, 39, King's-Road, Chelsea.—"The Royal Rink Waltzes," by G. J. Rubini, are melodious and effective.

J. F. BORSCHITZKY, 32, Tavistock-place, publishes his own Two-Part School Songs, dedicated to "advanced" singing classes. The words are mostly well chosen, and infinite pains have been taken in the composition of the music, but we fear it will prove too difficult for singing classes.

J. B. LAFLEUR AND SON, 15, Green-street, Leicester-square, publish a Dramatic Concerto for Violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, a brilliant and masterly work, composed by C. Zoeller.

R. BUTLER, 6, Hand-court, Holborn, publishes "The Rhine King's Daughter," a ballad composed by C. Zoeller, who has written elaborate descriptive music to words which are so ludicrously strung together by a writer imperfectly acquainted with the construction of English, that the song in its present form can only excite a smile.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

THE JOYS OF SNIPE-SHOOTING.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)
SIR,—As an old Fenman, I must say I don't quite agree with your description of snipe shooting. The most fascinating sport we have in the Fens is snipe shooting; as to mud and water being discomforts, we are used to it. Our turf pools and sedge fens require a Fenman's experience to explore; an inexperienced party might come to grief easily enough, as occurred to a man last week, who mistook a brown moss-covered place for hard ground. It was a mere chance he was ever seen or heard of again, a deep turf dyke had become filled by the action of water in flood time, and beneath him was ten or twelve feet of yielding ooze. A muddy hole and a pair of lavender kid gloves, split and torn, on the bank, told the tale that he was the wrong kind of man for our rough Fenwork. But what charms these wild old Fens have for fowler and snipe shooter, your real sportsman (not the battue shooter) alone knows. Give me a clear grey day (the birds fly straighter), my old friend, who shoots as a turfman admiringly, but irreverently, observed like an Angel, with his old dog "Don"; a stiff East wind and a flight of "fresh come" birds on the Sedge Fen, and I envy no one. To see that old dog work and find his birds is a sight indeed, no rushing and tearing about; but quick, quiet and stealthy, as a cat. See how he shows his wonderful sagacity as he forges well ahead, never disturbing a bird, so that it enables him to turn and catch the wind. A snipe ground must always be beaten with the wind blowing from the guns, as the birds always face the wind and give better chances. Now he stands; how grand he looks; we are getting close up to him. I whisper, "It must be a 'Jack.'" My friend nods; but no, "Scope—scope—scope, good dog." "Splendid double shot that, of yours." Old friend looked as though they were both falling at once. They're all down; here's Don, with both yours; how tenderly he holds them. Good boy; fine fellow. It freezes a little; look at the beads of ice on his chest, they well deserve to be diamonds. All right, old fellow, "Go fetch." A thousand to one he knows where the other fell, although it's in the thick of the reed bed—he's got it, here he comes, pleased as a puppy. Eight couple bagged off the first ground, and so on, from one likely place to another. As the evening draws on, the frost increases, the birds rise and bunch into wisps, a sure sign of more frost to follow. A lot come with the speed of arrows across the Fen, low down, close to the sedge tops. "Look out," I call to my friend, "Stoop down, they're coming straight this way. Now! How many are there down? I can see six." Don, who appears a little excited, but remains perfectly still, looks up and wags his tail, asking, as plainly as a dog can, "If he is to go." Yes, my boy, that's your job, they're all on the open water. Fetch 'em out, what a useful old beauty you are. Well, that will do very well, for to-day, 18½ couple of snipe, two ducks and seven whistlers (golden plover). Now for the comfortable old village pub., to change our boots and stockings, and have a tankard of hot gin and beer. I think I can hear you say, "What horrid drink." Well, I suppose it's not fashionable; but it is the Fenman's drink when it's cold: we light our pipes and drive merrily along home, over the now hard frozen roads, speculating on the chances of ducks, &c., on the washes, in a day or two.

SCOLOPAX.

CABMEN'S SHELTER.

SIR,—The introduction of the Cabmen's Shelters in West-end of London, has been very successful. Fifteen are now established, and are all *Self-supporting*. The committee are endeavouring to raise a Fund to enable them to erect some in *East-end* of town, where there are none at present. Donations or annual subscriptions (however small) will be thankfully received by me at the above address.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN DENNISTOUN, Hon. Sec.

Union Club, Charing Cross, Dec. 28, 1876.

Bankers: Union Bank of London, Chancery-lane; Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie & Co.

MR. WEBBE'S ANNUAL CONCERT AND BALL.—An entertainment of an enjoyable character, under the somewhat indefinite title of a "grand social reunion," took place on Thursday week at the St. George's Hall, Langham-place. It was the second of the kind given by Mr. W. H. Webbe, a rising pianist, who was ably assisted by Mrs. Weldon, and Mr. F. Archer, late of the Alexandra Palace, and an excellent company of vocalists and instrumentalists. The hall was well filled. The programme embraced choice *morceaux* from favourite classical composers, and amongst the vocalists were Mr. Bernard Lane, Mr. J. Copeland, Mr. H. P. Matthews, Mdlle. José Sherrington, Mrs. Weldon, Miss Effie Clements, and Miss Elcho. A special feature of the concert was the performance by the new Gounod choir, organized by Mr. Webbe, and composed of some 50 or 60 members, of a selection of Gounod's choruses, which were rendered in a most efficient manner. Mr. Webbe was loudly applauded for his rendering of Beethoven's "Sonata (Pathétique)" in C minor. About 11 o'clock the hall was cleared for dancing, which was kept up with much spirit until past 3 o'clock on Friday morning. The whole affair was most enjoyable.—*Morning Advertiser*.

REVIEWS.

Choke-Bore Guns, and How to Load for all Kinds of Game. By W. W. GREENER. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.—Undoubtedly the most important improvement made in the shot-gun in the present century since the introduction of percussion caps, and the adoption of breech-loaders is the system of boring, by which the muzzle of the barrel is internally contracted on what is known as the choke-bore principle. It is perhaps difficult to decide to whom is due the original discovery that guns having their calibre contracted at the muzzle have greater penetration, and give a better pattern at long distances than those made on the regular cylinder plan; but the ingenious Americans must have the credit of prominently introducing the modern choke-bore system of manufacturing shot-guns. It was for some time known that at least two English makers had adopted a new principle of boring borrowed from their Transatlantic brethren; and in 1875 the proprietors of the *Field* inaugurated an exhaustive series of trials to determine the respective merits of choke-bore versus the old system of English boring. The trials conclusively proved that guns which are choke-bored have greater powers of shooting by at least 20 per cent than those constructed on the old model. Guns constricted at the muzzle to the extent of 5,000ths of an inch are called modified chokes, the constriction in full chokes being to the amount of 30,000ths of an inch, or about 13 sizes of the gun gauge, the increase of shooting power corresponding with the amount of choke up to the latter point. The objection that the new guns would be found to be liable to get soon "lead-ed" appeared a plausible theory, but has been found to be groundless. It was also contended that a gun that shoots closely and penetrates deeply at long distances would at short ranges cut a bird to pieces, and that the shooter, to hit the object at all, would have to aim with the accuracy only indispensable with a rifle. Experience at targets and in the field shows, however, that the pattern made at 25 yards is not so very much closer than at 40 yards, whilst the execution of a choke-bore at 60 yards is almost equal to that of an ordinary gun at 20 yards less distance. After all the opposition made to the new system, the superior merits of choke-bore for ordinary sporting purposes is fairly established. One of the most prominent gunmakers who construct guns on the new principle is Mr. W. W. Greener, of Birmingham, winner of the silver cup in the trials of 1875. His new work on "Choke-bore Guns," is of great interest, and should be in the hands of all sportsmen who would wish to handle these weapons efficiently. Besides giving us a history of their first introduction, and explaining the different systems of boring practised past and present, Mr. Greener supplies us with the fullest information of their performances on trial grounds and in the field. The book is illustrated by a series of diagrams of the pattern displayed on targets by both choke and cylinder bored guns. The shooting of the new guns can be greatly regulated as to pattern and penetration by the amount of the charge or the nature of the wadding used; so that a full choke can be made to shoot like a modified choke, and the latter like those of ordinary bore, if desirable. The way in which this may be done is fully explained in Mr. Greener's book. For general use, a gun having the right barrel modified and the left a full choke is recommended. The fullest information on a system of boring which has created a revolution in the annals of shooting is given by the author in a handsome volume that will be found an interesting and valuable addition to the sportsman's library.

A Ride to Khiva: Travels and Adventures in Central Asia. By FRED. BURNABY. (Third edition). London: Cassell, Petter and Galpin. To quote the opening words of the Preface, "the title explains the nature of this work," although it does not give the slightest idea of its wealth of information bearing upon the full and real meaning of the great international question now pending between this country and Russia. It is truly "A Ride to Khiva," but it is not, as the author says, "merely" that. The Russo-Indian question turns up as a prominent feature of the Introduction, and crops up at short intervals all through the volume, which may have much to do with the extraordinary demand there has been for it at the libraries, its third large edition, and the special interest taken in it by its numerous readers. Without disputing the book's claim to notice, as a very interesting narrative of travel and adventure, affording a clearer insight into foreign manners and customs than works of its class commonly do, and providing a mass of valuable information for those who may be plucky enough to follow in Capt. Burnaby's steps; we still think its chief aim is strongly political, that it is intended to have, and will have, considerable effect upon the public mind in forming opinions concerning the perplexing Eastern problem. Facts, which it is worse than folly to ignore, here assume their true significance, and however great our horror may be of, and sincere our desire to avoid, war, in the absence of any more effectual and Christian-like way of arriving at conclusions, it is to be feared that it must come to blows. The independence of Turkey is here seen as something apart from the character of its government—except so far as that government tends to render it strong and able to hold its own against the greed of conquest—something of primary importance to the continued peace and prosperity of continental Europe.

The Era Almanack for 1877.—Most of us are glad to see this old friend. Its store of anecdote and information, scraps of stage history, and autographs of popular actors and actresses, make such pleasant reading. We extract the following amusing scraps:—

AN AMENDMENT FROM THE GALLERY.—"Should I be discovered, I am lost!" exclaimed the hero of a Coburg melodrama, as he concealed himself in a closet on the stage. "Should you be discovered, you are found," was the amendment of a wag in the gallery.

SHIEL AND YOUNG.—Shiel, the dramatist, an Irishman, one day being present at a rehearsal where Charles Young was playing the hero, intending to give peculiar effect to a situation, cried out, "Here, Mr. Young! You must draw your sword, and find you have not got one!"

THEATRICAL DIGNITY.—The performers of the Théâtre Français have always been famed for standing on their dignity. When the famous Clairon was one of the stars, an actor named Dubois being guilty of perjury, the other performers refused to play with him. Dubois had a charming daughter, who used the influence of her beauty with the Duc de Richelieu, and the refractory company was ordered to act as usual. However, when night came, the players disappeared, and, although the house was crowded, no performance was given. Next day, the company was arrested, and were kept several days in prison. So indignant was Clairon, that she immediately resigned, left Paris, and did not come back to France for many years.

SOMETHING LIKE REALISM.—In France it is the custom to joke and laugh at every possible thing, no matter how serious. The following *canard* was invented some thirty years ago, *apropos* of one of the accomplices in the murder of King Gustave III. of Sweden. The Count Ribbing had taken refuge in Paris, and at the time referred to was very old. Scribe with Auber had just finished the opera of *Gustave, ou le Bal Masqué*. Uncertain in several points, says the legend, Scribe went to the Count Ribbing and begged him to assist at the rehearsal of the opera. He came, and followed the piece with great attention. "Well?" asked Scribe eagerly. "What do you say to it?" "It's very nice, very nice," said the Count, slowly and somewhat coolly. "But you don't seem altogether satisfied," urged Scribe. "Well," answered the Count, "you are slightly mistaken; the affair was not done quite in that way." "What more was there?" anxiously inquired Scribe. "It seems to me, as far as I can remember," answered the Count, with perfect simplicity, "that we murdered him a little more to the left!" Scribe thanked him and acted on the suggestion. The bare idea of arranging the ballet of Gustave historically, with the assistance of one of his assassins, is a very lively one, and, we must add, exceedingly French.

ACTORS' BENEFITS.—If, as in bye-gone days, benefits are not thrust upon actors, a survey of a year's play-bills will amply testify to the numerous calls made by individual actors upon the public, and it is noticeable how readily and cheerfully actors and actresses come forward with gratuitous assistance to their brethren. But, save in the cases of benefits to acknow-

ledged "Stars," or benefits the arrangements of which are taken in hand by aristocratic committees, the afternoon performances given as benefits do not bring a great deal of money to the needy coffers. If there remain a credit balance at all, there is, indeed, in these "hard times," as Mr. Eccles remarked, much to be thankful for. The author of *The Prompter's Box* makes his hero, W. de Lacy Fitzaltamont, tragedian, lecturer, and comic singer, sarcastically complain that his last benefit brought him £1175s., and that some of his patrons forgot to pay for their tickets, which still further diminished the total. But there is a story told of a French actor—and the late Mr. Murray quoted the tale in one of his addresses at the Adelphi Theatre many years ago—who protested against having a benefit, it being compulsory in olden times, by the letters of agreement, for actors to take, one, the manager being careful to take for his share the actual expenses of the performance, and if the receipts amounted to less, to deduct from the actor's salary the deficient sum. So, when the date for the Frenchman's benefit was approaching—he was playing in the provinces—in vain he expended all his civility in imploring the manager not to give him one. "Oh, saïr, be so good, s'il vous plait," "Si vous n'avez rien de mieux," replied the austere manager; "I cannot break through my rule, which says that every member of my company shall have a benefit." It was no use arguing, the manager was inexorable and despot, and the actor had, with the best possible grace, to submit. The eventual evening passed, and the Frenchman's spirits appeared, after the accounts had been balanced, to be brighter than usual. A friend inquired of him as to what pecuniary success his benefit had brought him. "Oh, magnifique," came the reply from the joyful actor, "superb, beautiful benefit this year,—I only lose five pounds!"—JAMES KEITH.

PHILIP ASTLEY AND THE MUSICIANS.—Old Astley had an unfortunate habit of quarrelling with the members of his band. On the night of the first representation of a farce called *The Laplanders* at his establishment, the orchestra, as usual, was directed by Mr. Hindmarsh, a man celebrated in his profession. The master carpenter had forgotten to remove one of the unpainted pieces of profile on one of the wings, and observing it, was in the act of sawing it off while the curtain was rising to soft music. Astley hearing this went to Mr. Smith, his then rough rider, and requested him to "tell them not to saw so loud." Smith then heard him disputing with the band about their playing, went instantly across the ring, tapped Mr. Hindmarsh on the shoulder, and said, "Mr. Astley begs you will not saw so loud," upon which the enraged fiddler returned for answer, "Tell Mr. Astley it shall be the last piece I'll saw in this theatre." Upon the curtain dropping Hindmarsh left the orchestra in a fury, and went to Astley, saying he was not used to such treatment. "What do you mean?" said Astley. "Why, replied Hindmarsh, 'you sent me word by Mr. Smith not to saw so loud.'" "Me!" observed Astley, with astonishment, "Hindmarsh! I never took you for a carpenter before." Upon the mistake being rectified they shook hands and were friends again. On another occasion Astley was about to produce a little spectacle, called *Sailors and Savages*. His composer at that time was named Dr. Heron—called Herring by Astley, who could seldom give men or things their right titles. "Doctor," said Astley, "I want you to compose me a tune for a combat with broadswords, between the principal savage and the principal sailor." On the night of the first rehearsal, Astley was seated in front, as usual. The savage was represented by Mr. John Taylor, Astley's nephew, and the sailor by Mr. John Astley, his son. After the set-to with the swords, the old gentleman was somewhat displeased, as it was not striking enough. He got up, and bawled vociferously to his son, "Johnny, Johnny, this won't do; we must have shields." Heron, on hearing the word, "shields," thought he wanted the composer of that name, jumped from his seat, and getting his band parts together, rushed on to the stage, and, tearing them to pieces, said, in a high tone of voice, "Now send for Shields!" Astley was not a little surprised, and exclaimed, "What do you mean, Dr. Herring?" "Why," said Heron, "if Mr. Shields can compose better than me, send for him at once." "Oh! by G—," replied Astley, "I meant a pair of shields, sir, for the fight!" A reconciliation followed, and Heron recomposed the music.

Who's Who (1877)? London: A. H. Bailly & Co.—This useful little annual preserves its best characteristics, and is full of useful information. Dealing with personal statistics, it informs us that the oldest member of Her Majesty's Privy Council is Viscount Stratford De Redcliffe, G.C.B., aged 89; the youngest, H.R.H. Prince Leopold, aged 24. The oldest Duke is the Duke of Portland, aged 77; the youngest, the Duke of Montrose, aged 25. The oldest Marquis is the Marquis of Donegal, aged 80; the youngest, the Marquis Camden, aged 5. The oldest Earl in the House of Peers is the Earl Bathurst, aged 86; though the oldest bearer of that title is the Earl of Kilmorey, an Irish Peer, aged 89; the youngest is the Earl of Hopetoun, aged 17. The oldest Viscount is Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, aged 89; the youngest, Viscount Clifden, aged 14. The oldest Baron is Lord Chelmsford, aged 83; the youngest, Lord Southampton, aged 10. The oldest member of the House of Commons is the Right Hon. Joseph Warner Henley, M.P. for Oxfordshire, aged 84; the youngest, the Hon. William O'Callaghan, M.P. for Tipperary, aged 25. The oldest Judge in England is the Right Hon. Sir FitzRoy Kelly, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice, aged 81; the youngest is Sir Nathaniel Lindley, Justice of the Common Pleas Division, aged 49. The oldest Judge in Ireland is the Hon. James O'Brien, of the Court of Queen's Bench, aged 71; the youngest, the Right Hon. Christopher Palles, LL.D., Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, aged 46. The oldest of the Scotch Lords of Session is Robert Macfarlane, Lord Ormidale, aged 75; the youngest, Alexander Burns Shand, Lord Shand, aged 48. The oldest Prelate of the Church of England is the Right Rev. Alfred Ollivant, Bishop of Llandaff, aged 79; the youngest is the Right Rev. Edward Parry, suffragan Bishop of Dover, aged 47. The oldest Prelate of the Irish Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. John Gregg, Bishop of Cork, aged 79; the youngest is his son, the Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, Bishop of Ossory and Ferns, aged 43. The oldest prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross, aged 73; the youngest, the Right Rev. George R. Mackarness, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, aged 54. The oldest Baronets are Sir Richard John Griffith and Sir Moses Montefiore, each aged 93; the youngest, Sir Henry Palk Carew, aged 7. The oldest Knight is Field-Marshal Sir John Forster Fitzgerald, G.C.B., aged 91; the youngest, Sir Ludlow Cotter, aged 24.

The New Quarterly Magazine. London: Ward, Lock, & Tyler. The "New Quarterly" is always a welcome visitor. Admirably edited, and showing much originality, it is singularly complete as a magazine for varied tastes, and he must be hard to please who does not relinquish its perusal with a sense of pleasure and satisfaction. The present number contains a paper on "Pessimism, and One of its Professors," by Frances Power Cobbe, written in a spirit of thoughtful investigation, and with real ability. A chapter from a forthcoming work on "The Troubadour," dealing with the Reformation in the thirteenth century, by Francis Hueffer, calls attention to a phase of thought which preceded and gave life to the great succeeding struggle for religious liberty, showing that the dark ages were not—as too many suppose—all dark, and that the thirteenth century may be justly described as "an epoch of religious revolution" all over Europe. The struggle for the Reformation had its heroes and martyrs long before they were recognised and glorified by the followers of an established creed, when, indeed, they were sneered down and condemned as the worst of men. As traitors to the Established Church these old-world Reformers realised the saying:—

"Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason?
When it prospers none dare call it treason."

They were heretics and criminals, and none called them reformers or martyrs, consequently few recognise them as reformers now. A realistic tale "The House on the Beach," by George Meredith, is a story of real power. J. H. Trevelyan's "Revolutions and Conquests in Central Asia," is sure to be found interesting; and "Goethe in his Old Age," by Edward Barrington de Fonblanque, is very readable. The remainder of this number's contents will not fail to commend itself to the generality of readers.

Musical Directory Annual and Almanack, 1877. London: Rudall, Carte, & Co.—We have in this very carefully compiled and edited annual a mass of useful information of great service to all who are themselves musical or have dealings with musical people. As a record of the year, general and in detail, it is very complete.

The Professional Pocket Book, published under the immediate direction of Sir Jules Benedict. London: Rudall, Carte, & Co.—The value of this well bound and handy little pocket-book is so widely known amongst professional people that we need do no more than mention its re-appearance for the year 1877.

The Agricultural Gazette Almanack, 1877. London: W. Richards.—The present year's issue of this useful annual, with its collection of portraits, sketches of prize-winners, practical hints, and serviceable papers on matters of agricultural importance is worth far more than its price.

Tinsley's Magazine, January, 1877.—In the present number, Mrs. Algernon Kingsford's story of "The Turquoise Ring," occupies the first place, and the rest of the contents, consisting of fiction and poems of a light character, will gratify most of our present race of magazine readers.

Chambers' Journal, for December, is varied and good in its contents, and quite up to its usual high standard of excellence.

* * A review of Mr. H. Vizetelly's clever and entertaining book *Facts About Sherry* will appear in our next number, together with other notices of new books already in type.

HOGMANY IN SCOTLAND.

OLD New Year customs just now are sure to crop up as topics of conversation, and here is our artist's pictorial record of one of the oldest, a sketch made under the old Tron Church, in Edinburgh. Assembled in the street we see a bustling crowd, each man duly provided with "a right gude willywacht," in the shape of a bottle of whisky, or other strong liquor, to drink good wishes in hearty fellowship immediately on the striking of the dying year's latest hour. It is thought an evil omen to omit this ceremony, and the clock has just struck midnight. The new year is born; glasses are filled, hands are clasped, the joyous wishes rise in a babble and roar of voices, drowning the noise of a smashed bottle and a cry of dismay. Alas, for that omen of evil in the coming year; and then with a rush and a cry of "First-foot," the midnight revellers disperse to knock up the sleepers, and repeat the process. Grahame thus describes the good old ceremony which the ancient Celts called that of *Dar-na-coille*, the night of blessed influences, when it was supposed the spring-tide of life came back to plant and tree to make the new year fruitful.

"Long ere the lingering dawn of that blythe morn
Which ushers in the year, the roosting cock,
Flapping his wings repeats his larum shrill;
But on that busy morn no flail obeys
His rousing call; no sounds but sounds of joy
Salute the year—the first foot's entering step
That sudden on the floor is welcome heard,
Ere blushing maids have braided up their hair;
The laugh, the hearty kiss, the GOOD NEW YEAR!
Pronounced with honest warmth. In village, grange,
And burrow town, the steaming flagon, borne
From house to house, elates the poor man's heart."

But all that is altered, even in Scotland, where old customs are so reverently cherished. A bottle of whisky, with a biscuit or cake, has taken the place of that "kettle or flagon of warm, spiced, sweetened ale, with an infusion of spirits," which used of old to be borne with bread and cheese from house to house after midnight on New Year's eve by scores of merry roisterers, all agog for fun and jolly fellowship. Janus, the god of gates, with his opening key and ruling rod, his twelve altars and two faces, looking at once at the past and into the future, has left us many old superstitious customs, and nowhere are they found in greater strength or number than in Scotland. The old heathen worshippers of Janus ushered in the new year with joyous feasting and dancing, and the giving of gifts. The early Christians welcomed it in a spirit of solemn fasting and self-denial. Relics of new year's gifts belonging to the old days of the heathen Romans in England have been found inscribed with "A happy new year to you," and this loving, gentle custom, with these genial, brotherly words, even the early Christians could not find it in their hearts to abandon, all heathen though they were. Hence their preservation. And so, to quote an ancient poet, still—

"These gifts the husband gives his wife, and father eke the child,
And maister on his men bestows the like, with favour milde,
And good beginning of the year, they wishe and wishe againe,
According to the ancient guise of heathen people vaine."

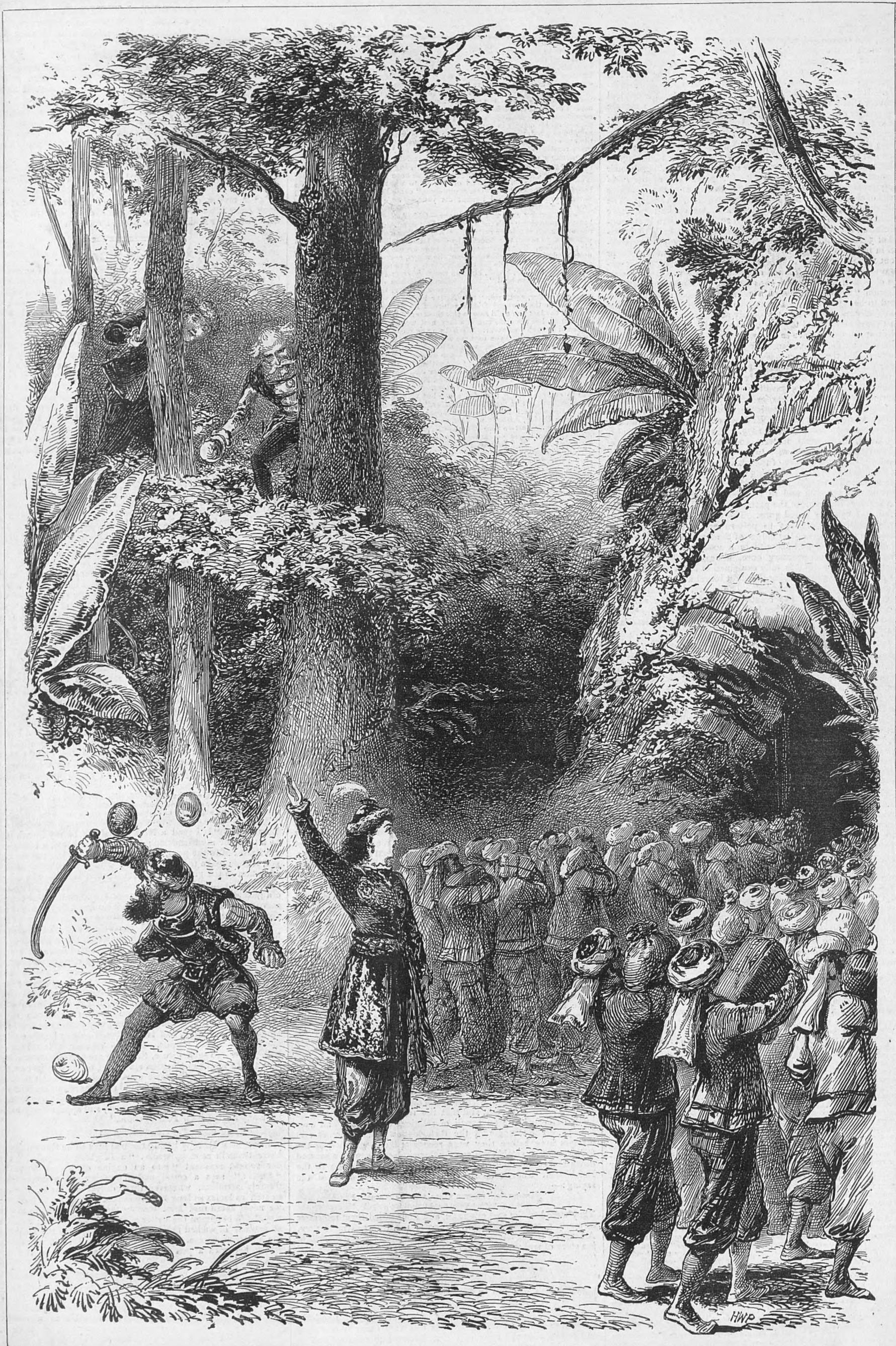
Bourne says "If I send a New Year's gift to my friend, it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactor, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor, which at this season must never be forgot, it shall make their hearts sing with joy and give praise and adoration to the giver." But our cynical friends who sneer at sentiment in all its phases, have of late been very hard upon the old gifts and the old compliments of the season. But these will survive it. Such a freak of fashion is no new thing. Many a long year since Brady wrote as follows:—

"The ancient, friendly, and benevolent custom of 'wishing a happy New Year' is so generally exploded, that a person must be blessed with the favours of fortune, or well-known as a man of talent, to venture his consequence by now offering so familiar an address. Few, therefore, above the lowest class of society attempt to intrude any good wishes for the happiness or success of their neighbours, lest, if they escape the imputation of unlicensed freedom they be deemed vulgar and ignorant of what is called fashionable life. Even the modern expression of 'the compliments of the season' has given way before universal refinement, real or affected, and is sanctioned only in family circles, or amongst intimate friends. In like manner, 'New Year gifts' have fallen into such disuse, that they are scarcely known, except where such marks of affection are offered to children just emerging from the nursery." To some considerable extent this is still true in England, but in Scotland the old customs of our heathen ancestors, purified and modified by the Christianity of their pious descendants hold sway far more strongly, and appear likely to do so for many a good New Year to come."

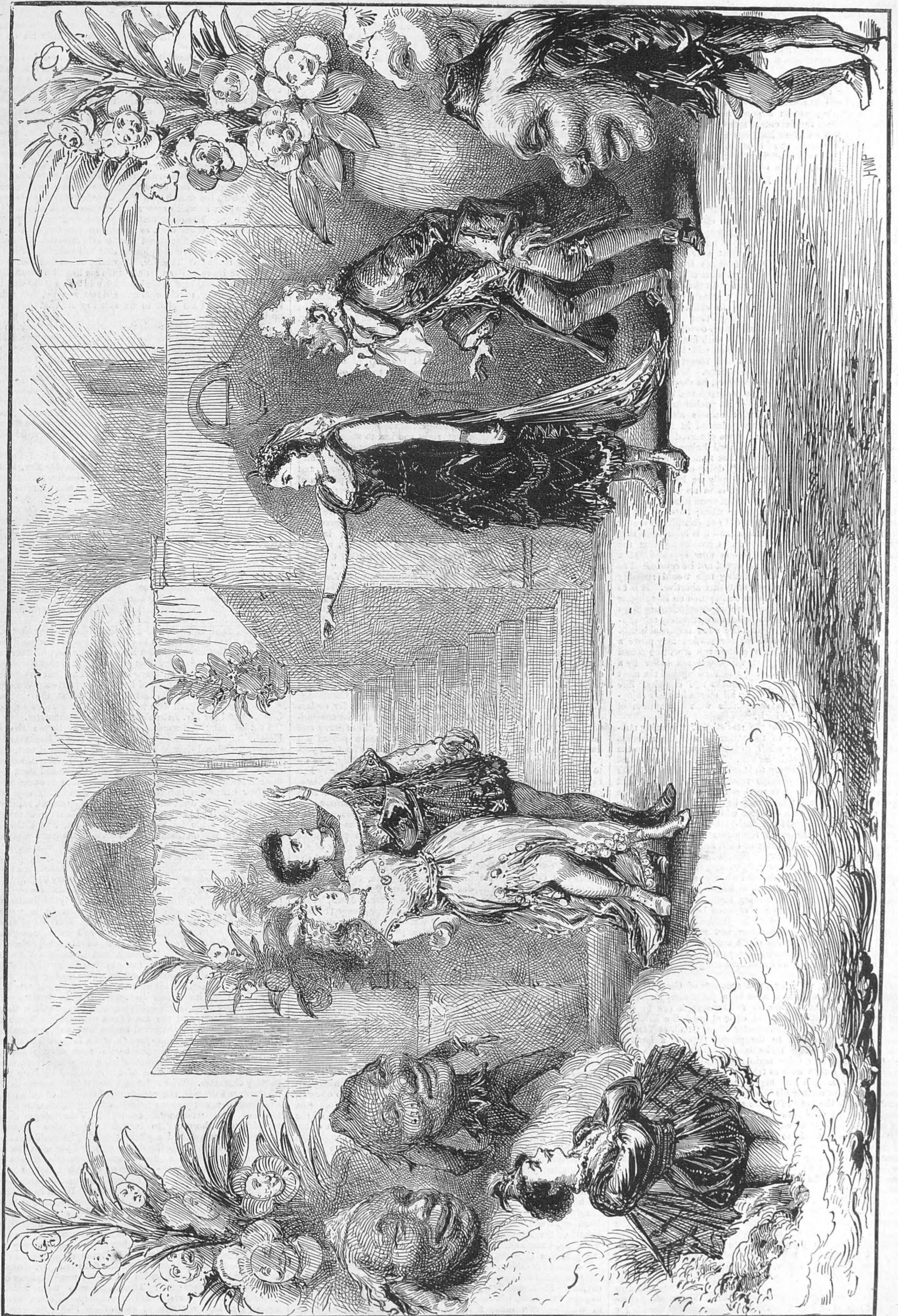
POOR Mrs. Rousby having the bad luck to be thrown from her horse twice in as many weeks, "a Brighton journalist" turned her second accident "into an engine of attack upon her." "Surely," says a correspondent writing to a contemporary, "surely actresses, whatever their degree of merit, should be treated as ladies so long as they deport themselves as ladies; and we never heard that Mrs. Rousby deputed herself in any other way." Whereupon the writer adds "neither have I; and I wish all manner of wicked things to the man who, in the language of the Victorian drama, dares to lay his hand upon a woman (to attack her with a pen is much the same), save in the way of kindness."

THE well-known sporting estate, Bansted Manor, about four miles from Newmarket, has again changed hands, it having been sold under the hammer on Tuesday, by Mr. James Beal, for £16,800. It is close to the Duke of Rutland's, Colonel North's, and other extensive estates, is very valuable as a residential property, and is noted as the nursery of some of our finest race-horses, for the breeding of which it is well adapted.

IN the Perthshire rivers spawning has gone on favourably this season, the fish having had all along a fine run to the spawning beds.



SCENE FROM "THE FORTY THIEVES," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.



SCENE FROM "TURLUTUTU," AT THE BRITANNIA THEATRE.

TURFIANA.

THE announcement by the directors of the Stud Company that they are at length prepared to redeem the whole of their debenture capital, places the concern on a sound commercial footing, and renders it more desirable than ever as an investment. For some reason or another, the company did not float at first so easily as had been anticipated (although it was brought out under fairly auspicious conditions); and to prevent the grounding of the good ship early in its voyage, it became necessary to increase the depth of water under her keel by calling in the aid of debenture bonds at a high rate of interest, the mortgagees taking bills of sale as security for their advances. Hence these liabilities have long been a dead weight round the neck of the company, and have prevented its development in a great measure, so large a sum being required to meet the debenture interest at the rate of 10 per cent. Now that this millstone has been happily removed, things are likely to go swimmingly, and we look forward at no very distant date to a renewal of dividends on the 10 per cent. scale, and this without overtaxing the reserve fund, which is a specially important feature with a company, the property of which is everlastingly requiring renewals at a very expensive rate. A large ready-money reserve might be seriously reduced at any hour by the loss of one of the "heads of houses," such as Blair Athol or Carnival, though we trust the time may be far distant when either receives his call to the happy pastures. It was only the other day that the manager spoke of his company's affairs as not likely to be in real working order before the present year; and previous experience is only just beginning to bear its fruits, which are apparent in the harmonious working of all parts of the machinery, and in the establishment of law and order in the little kingdom at Cobham. So far, the Stud Company stands by itself, other projectors and promoters having failed to enlist public sympathy, which is not surprising, seeing that the soundest schemes have lately had to be abandoned, owing to the dread of those afflicted with burnt fingers to play with fire again.

It is evident that still further legislation will be required to settle the question of assumed names, which recent Jockey Club movements have happily tended to discourage. When an individual has once registered his *nom de guerre*, he should surely be entitled to look upon it as his private property, and as incapable of appropriation by others as his purse or his pocket-handkerchief. Despite all precaution, the identity of owners almost invariably oozes out, more especially if they succeed in making any reputation on the turf. Not long since we observed that "Mr. T. Valentine" had reappeared, though Lord Falkmouth had long since ceased to shelter himself under that flimsy disguise; and now we find a second "Mr. Somerville" doing dishonour to the name by figuring in the forfeit list. Happily we know that the owner of Oxford Mixture and Tichborne is in no way identified with this mushroom upstart, who has taken upon himself to trade upon the good name, and reputation of another; but it might be otherwise in cases where circumstances did not conspire to render this larceny of nomenclature so palpable, and it is high time that a stopper was put upon the practice. Considering that the privilege of sailing under false colours is now appraised at a "pony" per annum, some limitation could not be considered as oppressive, and a "rider" to the existing rule would speedily render all such schemes of false representation abortive. It is to be hoped that the same fine will soon be imposed on its subjects by the Grand National Hunt Committee, as steepchasing in no wise differs from racing, so far as fraud and chicanery are concerned, and both should be tarred with the same impartial brush. The rule as to added money and its distribution may prove a hardship in certain cases, but in the long run it will be found beneficial to the interests of sport, which will not suffer by a clean "wipe out" of certain meetings of nothing but the most inconsiderable local importance. If corks and cripples, like other sad dogs, must have their day, by all means let their enjoyment of it be as brief as is compatible with the system of toleration under which they claim it.

It has often occurred to us that the statistics of "winning stallions," limited to the number of their winners and the amounts won, are fallacious ground on which to found arguments as to the deserts of this or that particular sire. To arrive at the actual figures of merit, it is necessary to take into consideration other particulars, involving considerable trouble in calculation, but which breeders would do well to work out for themselves before taking for granted figures which may be ingeniously twisted to serve any purpose. The class of mares which has fallen to the lot of a stallion, his capabilities as a foal-getter, his proportion of winners to runners, of runners to representatives in training, of the latter to foals, and the qualities of each as stayers;—all these points should be taken into consideration, when we imagine some of our reputed cracks would have to give way to subordinates in the scale of success at present accepted among us.

The annual Derby analyses now lie before us, and "Judex," Locket, and Walsley are the leading favourites, and boast the largest following. The judgments of each seem as elaborately and closely argued as those of a Chief Justice or Master of the Rolls, and, as all are acute observers, and not merely "paper prophets," their opinions are well worth consideration. It would be unfair to anticipate our readers' enjoyment of their *brochures*, which will doubtless receive all attention during the racing armistice now in prospect.

From Finstall Park, we hear good accounts of Cardinal York and Paul Jones, both of which have been judiciously limited to twenty-five mares, while the fee of neither stallion can be considered excessive. With Cathedral close at hand, the Midlands will be well represented by Newminster blood; and, at Yardley, we find Sterling promoted to the premiership, at a hundred guineas subscription. The Duke is gradually finding his level, being at half his former price, and we were always at a loss to conceive what his claims were to take rank with the select few of his contemporaries. He has begotten nothing approaching to first-class form, and neither his blood nor his performances stamp him as eligible for the head of affairs at so important a centre as that presided over by the Messrs. Graham.

The newly-dubbed two-year-olds must have had a rough time of it lately on down, wold, and heath; and so deep has been the going in most places that trainers have not had a chance of summing up their merits as yet, and can only judge by looks and style of going. So soon as the weather takes up, trials will become the order of the day, so that entries must now be made haphazard for the stakes which closed last Tuesday. If long prices, good looks, and fine judgment in selection are to be held as criteria, then Robert Peck should have a fine collection of youngsters to carry his patron's colours successfully through the season, and Maximilian's debut is certain to create a sensation in whatever paddock the young Macaroni first sets foot. Certainly, as a yearling, we never saw anything so perfect, and it seemed almost impossible that he should grow the wrong way, with all the many excellent points to recommend him. Danebury would seem to be looking up again, and John Day is reported to be working up some very useful material for the forthcoming campaign; and it is to be hoped we shall see the colours of the Master of the Buckhounds figure more prominently than in former years. And as the Beaufort hoops are to be unfurled once more, there will be quite a gleam of the "light of other days" upon the scene, and it only wants George Fordham to complete the picture.

Porter has some fine material wherewith to revive the ancient glories of Kingclere, which has not rightly prospered since the master mind of Sir Joseph presided over its destinies, and sent winner after winner to complete his education on the Berkshire downs from the snug Leybourne paddocks. These "shades beloved in vain" alas! no longer echo with the whinny of the thoroughbred foal, nor are roamed by that choice coterie of which Madame Egline was the acknowledged queen; but the level short horns have usurped their ancient reign, and the Grange in the cherry county has been converted by its new owner to the "more useful purposes" dictated by utilitarian rather than cosmopolitan tastes.

SKYLARK.

CRICKET, AQUATICS, AND ATHLETICS.

ANOTHER year has been added to the list of those gone by, and during its reign King Death has summoned away many of those whose names have stood prominently before my readers in the various species of sport I weekly review in these columns; and even so lately as Friday last he called away the veteran William Bates, or Batts, who was engaged at Lord's from 1812 to 1840, for nineteen years of which he was ground bowler. He had reached the ripe old age of seventy-six, and succumbed to a severe attack of bronchitis, at his residence, 112, Albert-road, Kilburn. Neither space nor time will allow of my reviewing the doings of 1876, and I must content myself by stating that it has been a most successful one, as far as sport in general is concerned, and a marvellous one with regard to athletics; and I think I may fairly state that in the three London A.C. men, F. T. Elborough, W. Slade, and J. Gibb that club can boast of a trio of runners that would be hard to beat at any distance. H. Venn, the champion walker, for reasons that I may not enter into here, has not been competing during the latter half of the year; but if what I hear be true, an athlete from the other side of the water, Ford, of the Dublin A.A.C., will be a wonder at long distances. Bests on record have been plentiful as blackberries in September; and in taking leave of the old year, I am sure my readers will agree with me in placing F. T. Elborough at the top of the tree as champion athlete of 1876, as I believe him to be one of the grandest runners that ever donned a running shoe.

Once more the indomitable Edward Payson Weston has been footing it at the Agricultural Hall, his last venture having been to attempt to walk 400 miles in five days, commencing at 12.5 a.m. on Boxing Day. As a show or commercial engagement the affair was a dead failure, but it is but right and just to state that the American honestly told the judges after the first day, that he should not mean to put forth all his efforts, there being something or somebody "gone wrong" in connection with the walk, and the presence of his legal adviser during the greater portion of Wednesday and Thursday, gives colour to statements pretty freely bandied about the hall, but which I do not consider worthy of notice here. Suffice it to state that Weston only covered 267 miles, but that twice on Saturday evening he gave the company a taste of his real quality by walking in the fairest possible manner his 255th mile in 9 min 49 sec, and his 265th in 9 min. 58 sec., a brace of performances worthy a special record, when one considers that the essayist had been "on the road" six days out of thirteen. His two companions, H. Vaughan, of Chester, and P. Crossland, of Sheffield, conjointly walked 356 miles, of which the last-named put up but 116, as he was not so tightly bound up in his agreement as his partner, the Cestrian, who had to walk 80 miles a day for three days, with a rest of a day between each, and grandly and gamely he did it, being attended throughout by J. Gregory; whilst Frank Bradley esquired Peter Crossland. Whilst Weston was "padding the hoof" in the North, Dan O'Leary was making believe to walk W. Howes, of the City, 300 miles, for it was said, a stake of £200; a more miserable fiasco I do not think could be imagined. The proprietors of the enclosure, the Victoria Skating Rink, Cambridge Heath, had leased their ground to Mr. R. Lewis under certain conditions, and everything that could be done for the convenience of those present was done; but the heavy fall of snow and accompanying gale that welcomed in Christmas morn played sad havoc with the tenting, &c., and as the weather was far from propitious, the "gate" suffered considerably. Previously, and up to the evening of the commencement of the match, O'Leary had been posted about as in splendid condition; but, strange to relate, the journey had, I might say, barely commenced, ere the Irish Yankee was seized, so report had it, with severe diarrhoea. A local physician was called in, and a sporting contemporary, which holds up its puritanical hands with horror at the name of Weston, and which has strenuously driven down the public throat the genuineness of this match, made a great show of his certificate. I don't say that O'Leary was *not* suffering from diarrhoea, but this certificate does not state that he *was*; it only shows that O'Leary "complained" of diarrhoea, &c., and was treated for it; and yet he was enabled, later on, during one of his "rests," to oblige the company with a "break down," and, if I am to believe the representative of a contemporary (I had a sickener of it ere the opening day was over), O'Leary declared "his non-desire to walk to empty canvas;" such a remark is not likely to impress the public in general with the much-lauded genuineness of the ramp. The little English champion Howes looked like going from the commencement, and his straightforward conduct in the so-called contest deserve every praise, and I believe his backers, the brothers Mills, land "a raker." Jem Howes (no relation, by the way) trained his namesake to the hour, and no amount of care did he spare, and he fairly earned the admiration of his friends for the splendid condition he brought his man out in. On Friday night O'Leary stated he would go no further, and pulled up for good, having walked 209 miles 5 laps, and his opponent was allowed to stop when he had completed 241 miles 5 laps. Most of my contemporaries have thought proper to condemn the ground as not at all fitted for such a match. I am not of their opinion, as, had genuine business been meant, and the weather had been fine, I am at a loss to discover the excessive unfitness of the enclosure. The proprietors (the Messrs. Pinch) were almost too careful of the comfort of the Fourth Estate, and their box bore a great contrast to that provided by the Agricultural Hall executive, although the occupants, to speak the truth, might have taken more care of the fittings. "Proposed International Walking Match, for £1,000," is the heading used by a sporting contemporary to announce to the world a fact that all those well up in the matter were previously aware of, viz., that Weston and his friends were willing and anxious to make a six days' match for the £500 posted with them by a person who styles himself "Anti-Humbbug," and which has been covered by Sir John Astley on behalf of the Yankee. Who the unknown may be, I know not, Vaughan, Crossland, and Howes being all mentioned in turn as the probable opponent of Weston, but I don't think the match will come to anything, although the American has drawn up some fair straightforward articles which no true sportsman can possibly cavil at. He names four judges, three of whom are well qualified to accept the task, but the fourth has had no experience whatever in walking, and many a better representative judge might be found. It is very amusing, indeed, to read the articles in "Anti-Humbbug's" organ, and it is a great pity the writer does not make himself cognisant of all details ere he attempts to criticise, as he leads himself into many errors, besides impressing false statements

on his readers. I will give one instance he states, speaking of Vaughan's walks last week. "On the last Vaughan would have got as much for his exhibition had he covered but forty miles." This is untrue, as the Cestrian was distinctly informed that he must walk eighty miles a day, or else he would not receive the monies agreed upon. A continued series of attacks on a plucky man are very contemptible to my mind, and let "Anti-Humbbug" and his friends find who they may to slip against Weston, from Sunday to Sunday, "Exon" will have his little bit on "Old Pay."

In football the greatest match of the past week has been that between Sheffield and London at Kennington Oval last Saturday, which, contested in a drenching rain, eventuated in a victory for the metropolitans by three goals to one. Since the contest was started in 1871 Sheffield had won nine games, London five, and two have been drawn. A rather eventful match was played at Glasgow last Saturday, when the Queen's Park were opposed by the Vale of Leven in the Scottish Association ties, when the latter won by two goals to none, the Queen's Park thus suffering their first defeat at the hands of a Scottish team. On the same day the Old Harrovians went down to Southall, and gave the locals a beating on their own ground, winning by one goal to *nil* after a rare game, but there was some considerable amount of "talking with the mouth" as the Yankees call it, owing to the absurd manner in which several of the rules are interpreted by the Southall men. The other matches before me are only club affairs, and I must pass them over, as perchance the insertion of a few would simply cause discontent were others omitted.

Cricketers were well nigh losing that fine essayist, G. F. Grace, from their ranks last Tuesday, as whilst mounting to ride to the meet of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds his hunter took fright, and ere Mr. Grace could get seated, bolted, and took a stone wall breast high, and failing to clear it, came down heavily, but although severely shaken, I am glad to be able to state that the rider had no bones broken.

Bicycling has not been neglected during the past week, as Stanton and Thuillet were performing at the Star Grounds, Fulham, on Monday last, and the Frenchman won by a yard, riding twenty-five miles in 1 hour 48 min. 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.; whilst, at the Queen's Grounds, Sheffield, J. Keen and Cann ran ten miles for £50, the latter receiving 1 min. 15 sec. start. It will suffice for me to state that Keen rapidly overhauled his man, and when he had covered five miles two laps was stopped, and declared the winner, his opponent having retired a lap previously. Keen has accepted Thuillet's challenge to ride 700 miles, and will make the match for £50 or £100 a-side; I fancy the Frenchman will have the worst of it.

Rowing is necessarily almost at a standstill; but I may mention that Trickett is being grandly fêted in Sydney, and that Michael Rush means having a cut at him shortly, and, moreover, wants to induce Higgins to go over and make a three-handed affair of it for the Championship of the World. Most of the English tracks have entered for the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* Champion Cup, and Boyd wants to make a heavy bet that he beats any other entry; I don't see why this should not suit Higgins, if he be so very anxious for a match.

EXON.

MR. THOMAS, the well-known coursing judge died at his residence at Hounslow at midday on Thursday week after a lingering illness. Mr. Thomas for years judged the Open Meetings in the Home Park, Hampton Court, as well as numerous small clubs in the Metropolitan district.

MR. GEORGE LEITCH.—Our readers will remember that we have now and again had occasion to call attention to the merits of this rising comedian, notably when he played the part of Pierre at the Standard Theatre. After that engagement he was engaged to play Conn, at Richmond, Norwich, etc. This last has given him a chance to gain a firm hold of London audiences. We are glad to note the great success attained by him in the part at the Adelphi Theatre. All who wish to see a natural unexaggerated Conn, should see Mr. Leitch's reading of the character.

THE Royal Stagbonds met on Tuesday before the Ascot Hotel. The field was select, including his Royal Highness Prince Christian, Colonel George Grant Gordon, Colonel Ewart, Colonel Hill, Dr. Crofts, Mr. Mathews, Q.C., Mr. J. W. Saunders, J. Mann, E. Cordrey, several officers of the Horse and Foot Guards from Windsor, also many juveniles, well mounted, evidently home for their Christmas holidays, and who thoroughly enjoyed the day's sport. The deer, an untied one, was uncared, shortly after twelve, at the Red Lodge, and, after an excellent run of two hours in the forest, made for the Royal Paddocks, and Cottrell, the keeper, who was on the look out, opened the gates and housed the deer. The master, the Earl of Hardwicke, was absent. In consequence of the wet state of the country forest hunting will be continued, the meet on Friday being again at Ascot, at 11.30.

At a recent meeting of the Manchester Literary Club, Mr. John Evans read a paper giving "Some Theatrical Reminiscences of Manchester." After referring to the early histrionic annals of the town, and mentioning the opposition to a "patent" theatre here by the Bishop of Gloucester, who feared it would be destructive to "political welfare," and its advocacy by the Earl of Carlisle in the expectation of its counteracting Methodism, Mr. Evans named Kemble, Young, and the other distinguished actors who had played in the old house, and proceeded to sketch the town's theatrical annals down to the year 1841, in which Mr. John Knowles became the sole lessee of the Theatre Royal. It is impossible to give even an outline of this lengthy paper, with its interesting reminiscences of the theatrical and musical history of the town for a generation. Some of the anecdotes of bygone theatrical heroes were sufficiently amusing. There were days when the Queen's was a Lancashire counterpart of the old Surrey, and pitched battles amongst rival sections of the pittites sometimes continued during the whole performance of the first piece, unless it were of a particularly exciting and sanguinary character. When Samuel Butler was playing in one of Shakespeare's dramas, the occupants of the gallery were unusually demonstrative, not perhaps relishing the substitution of a production of the "immortal bard" for the more congenial melodramatic horrors to which they were accustomed. The turbulence reached a pitch which Butler could not tolerate. Walking down to the footlights, he said, "I see what you want," proceeded to chalk a line down the middle of the stage, and, after a word to the leader of the band, folded his arms akimbo, and then and there danced a Lancashire clog hornpipe in a manner that brought down the house. When he had finished he came again to the front, and addressing the now enthusiastic gallery, remarked, "You have had what *you* paid for; we will now go on with *Macbeth*." Mr. Evans paid a warm tribute to the genius of Butler, and drew a humorous picture of the versatile "Wizard of the North," who literally "played many parts" before Manchester audiences. Mr. Evans concluded amid loud applause.—In the discussion which followed Mr. John Page caused great amusement by his humorous reminiscences of some of the earlier Manchester Thespians, who were not always remarkable either for solvency or sobriety.—Messrs. W. H. J. Traice, Dr. Bower Harrison, and others also took part in the conversation. We regret that our space does not permit us to refer to the paper and succeeding conversation at greater length.

ADVICE to the Kentucky Rifle Team when next they are about to perform—Re-Frayne.—*Yorick*.

THE DRAMA.

At those theatres where pantomimes (now getting into smooth working order), and other Christmas novelties, are in the ascendant, but little change of programme can be expected for some weeks to come, and our summaries consequently must be brief during that period.

Last Saturday, besides the numerous day representations of pantomimes, afternoon performances took place at several theatres. Mr. Irving appeared as Macbeth at the Lyceum; where in the evening, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), gave her powerful delineation of the sufferings of the persecuted Jewish maiden, Leah. *Dan'l Druce* was played at the Haymarket, where, at night, this fine play reached its hundredth consecutive representation. Mr. Toole appeared in *Off the Line* and *William Tell Told Again*, at the Matinée at the Gaiety; *Pampered Menials* and *Little Don Cesar*, formed the programme of the first of the regular Saturday Matinées, at the Opera Comique, and *Robinson Crusoe* was performed at the Folly.

On Wednesday also, morning performances were given at the Gaiety, where Mr. Byron's drama, *Blow for Blow*, was repeated with the same cast as in its revival here the previous week. At the Haymarket, *A Rough Diamond*, and *Dan'l Druce* were repeated; and at the Opera Comique, Offenbach's *Grand Duchess*, as given by Mr. South's Comic Opera Company at the Gaiety last week, was repeated here.

This afternoon, in addition to the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Adelphi, Aquarium, and the other theatres where this seasonable species of entertainment has been provided, the other day performances will comprise *Macbeth*, at the Lyceum; *An Unequal Match*, with Miss Annie La Fontaine and Mr. Buckstone in the leading characters, at the Haymarket; Mr. Toole in *Sweethearts and Wives* and *Domestic Economy*, at the Gaiety; and South's Comic Opera Company, at the Opera Comique.

The leading events announced for to-night, are the production at the St. James's of *The Danicheffs*, the principal characters in which will be sustained by Messrs. Hermann Vezin, John Clayton, Charles Warner, and Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Fanny Addison, and Mrs. John Wood; thereturn to the Strand of Mr. John S. Clarke, who commences an engagement there to-night, when he opens with his famous impersonations in *Among the Breakers* and *Toodles*, which pieces will precede the recently produced burlesque *The Lying Dutchman*; and *Leah*, with Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) at the Lyceum.

On Monday next Mr. and Mrs. Billington and Miss Meyrick will appear in Conway Edwards's new comedy *Heroes* at the Royal Aquarium Theatre.

PARK THEATRE.

As we mentioned last week, Mr. Richard W. South has commenced his first London season at this most charming of houses, by the production of an admirable pantomime, entitled *Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son*, the *Three Wishes*; or, *The Little Old Woman of the Magic Pipe*, in which the title rôle is played by Miss Caroline Parkes, who is, if possible, more fascinating and agile than ever, and seems to inspire the excellent company by whom she is surrounded. In scene 2, "Abode of Amusement," an uncommonly pretty ballet is introduced supported by Mdle. Esta, Miss Rosalind Collins, and an efficient corps de ballet. From scene 4, "Kitchen in Squire Collywobble's Mansion," the fun of the fair may be said to commence, as may easily be understood, when we state that Squire Collywobble and Frizzlewig, his valet, are represented respectively by Mr. W. H. Payne and Mr. Fred. Payne, whose inimitable powers of drollery have free scope afforded to them in this and the following three scenes. A very efficient transformation scene, "The Fairy Banquet in Wonderland," makes way for a harlequinade, powerfully cast as follows:—Harlequin, Mr. Fred. Payne; Pantaloon, Mr. Tully Lewis; Columbine, Mdle. Esta; Harlequin à la Watteau, Miss Cally; and Clown, Mr. Harry Payne. The pantomime has been preceded nightly by Offenbach's *Rose of Auvergne*, supported by Mme. Florence Hunter, and Messrs. E. Perrini, and W. G. Bedford. The present attractive programme is only a prelude to Mr. South's operatic season at "the Park," which we venture to predict will be a singularly brilliant one, as the fame of Mr. South's prima donna, Miss Alice May, is likely to cause all musical and dramatic London to travel northwards, and become acquainted with a theatre which stands alone for comfort and convenience, including a foyer which would do credit to our opera houses. Indeed, Mr. South is peculiarly fortunate in his outset in town, and is to be congratulated on having secured the Payne family, his choice of a house, and his particularly bright star, Miss Alice May, who is to make her first appearance at this theatre On Monday evening next as Lunge, in *La Fille de Madame Angot*.

CRITERION.—The farcical comedy *Hot Water*, so daringly wild, but highly amusing, through the admirable acting of Messrs. Charles Wyndham, E. Righton, John Clarke, H. Standing, Miss Fanny Josephs, and Miss Nelly Bromley, still continues attractive, and for the Christmas holidays has been supplemented by a very agreeable and cleverly constructed two act little domestic comedy, entitled *Dorothy's Stratagem*, by Mr. James Mortimer. The simple story, though involved in ingeniously designed complications, arising naturally out of the succeeding incidents, is clearly and skillfully developed, and free from any extraneous episodes, and possesses a justly balanced amount of alternate tenderness and humour to render it extremely interesting from beginning to end. The scene opens at Hawthorne Lodge, the seat of Sir Frederick Selwyn (Mr. Ashley), who in early life had, against the wishes of his family, married, and soon afterwards became estranged from his wife, whom he never saw again, and is in ignorance that soon after the separation, she bore him a daughter, now grown up and known as Dorothy Fielding (Miss Eastlake), who only discovers her paternity by a letter of her deceased mother, confiding her to her father, Sir Frederick. Armed with this letter, Dorothy, accompanied by her foster-sister Rose (Miss Edith Bruce), arrives at Hawthorne Lodge to claim her relationship. Through a mistake, the letter falls into the hands of her father's nephew, Arthur Selwyn, a profligate young fellow, who, not wishing to be supplanted in his expected inheritance of his uncle's property, forges an answer bidding her to go away. Dorothy thereupon assumes the name of her foster-sister, Rose, and becomes a lady's maid in the service of her father's second wife. The devotion and tenderness of the new servant in nursing Sir Frederick through a long and tedious illness, at once endears her to the convalescent, and is a cause of violent jealousy to Lady Selwyn, but eventually Sir Frederick discovers his relationship to Dorothy, who becomes reconciled with her ladyship, and a satisfactory conclusion is brought about by that means. The humorous aspect of the plot lies in the doings of the nephew, who has so heartlessly endeavoured to prevent any communication between the heroine and her father. This young gentleman, deceived by Dorothy's "stratagem" of adopting an alias, concludes that it is that young lady's foster-sister Rose who is the daughter of the baronet from whom he has expectations. He engages her, thereupon, as his housekeeper, presents her with diamonds and fine dresses, pretending to her that the diamonds are false, and the

dresses of little value, and that he will deduct the outlay from her wages. Eventually, he proposes to her, is accepted, and; on discovering his mistake, consults his uncle, who, in the customary fashion, pays off his debts, and presents him with twice the sum represented by them into the bargain. The scapegrace, Arthur, who thus gets far more than his deserts, is represented with easy confidence by Mr. H. Standing, who well depicts the bright side of the character, and who knows how to give point to his allotted portion of the dialogue. Mr. H. Ashley is sufficiently impressive as Sir Frederick, and Miss Eastlake is simple and tender as Dorothy. Miss E. Bruce is somewhat too exuberant in the character of the foster-sister Rose, but this her natural intelligence will doubtless lead her to modify; and Miss Myra Holme, as Lady Selwyn, presents a good appearance, but a little more experience will enable her to impart to some of the situations more force and earnestness.

Miss Cavendish's play at the Olympic is by an anonymous author.

A well-known theatrical manager and actor gave a very special dinner party a few nights since. He is always sure to please his friends by some agreeable surprise, and on this occasion the place of nearly every guest at his table—all sufficiently well-known men—was indicated by an original cartoon portrait by Alfred Bryan, of "Footlight Favourites" celebrity.

It is announced that Mr. Mapleson has succeeded in raising £120,000 in order to complete the new Opera House on the Thames Embankment, and that he has induced his friends to forego the proprietary scheme except in the case of six boxes and one stall.

MISS ALMA STANLEY.

MISS ALMA STANLEY, the lady whose portrait appears on our front page, made her first appearance on the stage in 1873, in the pantomime of *Cinderella* at the Theatre Royal, Hull, playing a small part. After a serious illness, her next engagement was obtained in May, 1874, at Cremorne Gardens, where she played in *Black-Eyed Susan*, and as Annetta in *Rose of Auvergne*, &c. She afterwards joined the Gaiety company at the Globe, and remained under Mr. Hollingshead's management, playing at his various theatres till March, 1875. A visit to Paris with friends intervened, and upon her return to England, Miss Stanley took a short tour round the provinces, playing *Amaranthe* in *La Fille de Madame Angot*, Regina in *The Princess of Trebizonde*. Being unfortunately again overtaken by illness, before she had properly recovered, to oblige Mr. Solomon, Miss Stanley went to the Philharmonic to play in *La Fille de Madame Angot*, but her health did not permit her to remain there very long, and she did not take another engagement till August, 1876, when she returned to the Gaiety, playing the Queen in *Little Don Cesar de Bazan*.

Miss Stanley is now carrying out an engagement with Mr. Sanger, and having played Patty Ingram in the drama of *Waterloo*, appears nightly as "Electric Spark" in the pantomime.

As a young actress, Miss Stanley displays no little promise, and we trust that her persistent efforts for professional advancement will soon earn for her the prominence she so well deserves. Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

WILD BOAR HUNTING.

WHEN frost and snow render it difficult for the wild boars to grub up the earth in search of food they grow desperately hungry, and when a thaw comes to their relief they make the best of their opportunity and remain abroad not only all night but all day. Thus comes the sportsman's chance, for he has daylight for his aim, and the frosty crust on the surface of the snow having been removed he can approach his game without noise. A brisk sledge ride will convey him to the scenes of his operations in the grim old forest, and with a pair of bandy-legged "dachshunde" and a sturdy bloodhound for companions, he proceeds cautiously to work. Woe is his if he does not proceed cautiously, for if, having discovered his boar, he for a moment raises his eyes from him, the restless brute by a change of position may get scent of his approach, and giving the alarm, off with a wild rush start will go, he and his companions, and the baffled hunter sees no more of them for the day. He may afterwards trudge in his heavy boots through the snow for half a day, and return awfully tired and melancholy,—a disappointed, miserable man, cursing the raised snout which thus caught him napping.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS AT THE EMPRESS RINK.

THE well-managed and popular rink in Tichborne-street has rendered itself doubly attractive for the holiday week by the introduction of several very novel and pleasing features. In the first place, "the smallest infant skaters in the world," in the prettiest of varied costumes, delight us with their skill on the roller skates. Then "The Empress Skating Troupe," in their picturesque Russian costumes, awaken envy and emulation as rinkers, and the sisters Pauline and Maude show how wonderfully capable of graceful evolutions and swift, easy motion the skilled and practised skater may become. A colossal Christmas fairy tree, gorgeous with its thousand presents, and brilliant with jets of coloured flame, and a crowd of rinkers gliding over the excellent surface provided for them, add to the sights, rendering this rink one of the best-patronised in London.

A DRAMATIC AND VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT took place on the 30th ult., in aid of the widow and children of the unfortunate Mr. F. Barnard, who was recently shot at Newington Butts, in which Mr. Lewis Harris took a prominent part, and earned well-merited applause.

OUR sketches of one of the most successful pantomimes in the provinces, that produced with a metropolitan disregard of cost by Mr. Mercer Simpson, the manager of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, will form a part of next week's number.

A CONTEMPORARY says,—A nice point of law appears to underlay an incident in connection with the Kingsbury race meeting. In the account given in the *Daily News*, it is stated that the book-makers being, consequent on a recent decision, forbidden to have stands or tables, elevated themselves above the level of the mud with wisps of straw. The Act under which Mr. Warner was, three years ago, convicted, is that for the Suppression of Betting Houses, and is known in the Statute Book as the 16 and 17 Vict. The first section runs thus: "No house, office, room, or other place shall be opened, kept, or used for the purpose of the owner, occupier, or keeper thereof, or any other person using the same, etc., betting with persons resorting thereto; or for the purpose of any money being received by such owner, etc., as a consideration of any undertaking, etc., to bet on events or contingencies relating to horse-racing." It will be interesting to know what is a "place" within the meaning of the Act? Is a wisp of straw, so disposed that a man may stand upon it, "a place;" and if not, wherefore? It has been argued by reputable authorities that an umbrella is "a place" within the meaning of this section, and, indeed, it is well known that not only umbrellas, but hats of a certain make are prohibited to bookmakers at Kingsbury. But what about the wisp of straw?

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

MANCHESTER MEETING.

MONDAY, JANUARY 1.

The TRAFFORD PARK HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 80 added. About two miles.

Mr. F. Clayton's b h His Lordship, by Lord Clifden—The Arrow, aged, 11st 11lb H. Davies 1
Mr. W. Wilson's Gipsy, 6 yrs, 11st Mr. E. P. Wilson 2
Mr. T. Boffey's Lothair (late Fenian), aged, 10st 9lb Mr. G. S. Lowe 3
Also ran: Prince Patrick, aged, 10st 13lb (inc 7lb ex); Despair, aged, 11st 7lb; Idle Boy, 6 yrs, 10st.

Betting: 5 to 2 each agst Gipsy and Prince Patrick, 3 to 1 agst His Lordship, and 10 to 1 agst others. Won by fifteen lengths; ten lengths separated second and third.

The MAIDEN HURDLE STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 80 added. About one mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. J. Jessop's br g Roman Bee, by Roman Bee (dam's pedigree unknown), aged, 10st 11lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 1
Mr. G. Jarvis's Bric-a-Brac, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb Murphy 2
Mr. J. B. Oerton's Nemo, 4 yrs, 10st S. Daniels 3
Also ran: Beatrice (late Trotter), 5 yrs, 11st 11lb; Tancred, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb; Aragon, aged 11st 4lb; Cartel, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb; Lalage, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb.

Betting: 3 to 1 agst Bric-a-Brac, 5 to 2 agst Roman Bee, 6 to 1 each agst Beatrice and Tancred, and 12 to 1 (at first: 2 to 1) agst Aragon. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

The WILTON HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 80 added; about one mile and three-quarters, over seven hurdles.

Mr. W. Burton's br m Evening News, by Breadalbane or Kettledrum—Jenny Jones, aged, 11st 2lb J. Clark 1
Mr. A. Johnson's Grand Duchess, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb Mr. Brockton 2
Mr. W. Walker's Hindoo, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb Railton 3
Also ran: Rufina, aged, 10st 10lb; Dewdrop, aged, 10st 8lb; Grimaldi, aged, 10st 4lb; Moorhen, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb.

Betting: 3 to 1 each agst Evening News and Grimaldi, 4 to 1 agst Dewdrop, 5 to 1 each agst Rufina and Grand Duchess, and 6 to 1 agst Hindoo. Won easily by half a dozen lengths; a bad third.

MANCHESTER HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; about three miles.

Mr. J. H. Stevenson's b g Jack (h b), by General Williams—Carnation, aged, 11st 3lb Mr. Brockton 1
Mr. C. E. Swaine's Revenge, aged, 11st 7lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 2
Captain Haworth's Lady Christiana, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb S. Daniels 3
Betting: 5 to 4 on Revenge, 2 to 1 agst Jack, and 5 to 1 agst Lady Christiana. Won by three lengths; six lengths between second and third.

The SALFORD SELLING HURDLE RACE, of 5 sovs each, with 60 added. About one mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. W. H. Shaw's ch h Bernardet, by Le Mandarin—Balance, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb (£20) J. Clark 1
Mr. T. Holmes's Fairy, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb (£20) J. Clark 1
Mr. J. Searle's Emmeline, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb (£20) J. Potter 3
Mr. T. Holmes's Our Nell, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb (£20) Jordan 4

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Emmeline, 2 to 1 agst Fairy, and 4 to 1 agst Bernardet. Won by a short neck; a like distance divided second and third. The winner was bought in for 80 guineas.

A HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; winners extra. About two miles and a half.

Mr. Vavasour's b m Castanette (ped. unknown), aged, 11st 2lb Mr. Cotton 1
Mr. H. J. Hart's Lady Curral, 6 yrs, 11st Mr. Gregg 2
Mr. T. Horne's Black Joe, aged, 12st 7lb (£30) J. Jordan 3
Also ran: King, Cotton, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb (£50); Blair Hill, aged, 12st 6lb (£40).

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Blair Hill, 5 to 2 agst Castanette, and 4 to 1 agst Black Joe. Won by ten lengths, which distance divided second and third.

TUESDAY.

The IRWELL SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 60 added; about 2 miles. 5 subs.

Mr. A. Walter's b g Master Star (late Snap), by Kildonan—Lottie, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb J. Clark 1
Captain Theobald's br g Outpost, aged, 12st 7lb Elliott 2
Also ran: Fairy, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb; Prescott, aged, 11st 7lb.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Outpost, 3 to 1 agst Prescott, and 100 to 30 agst any other. Won by fifteen lengths. The winner was not sold.

The HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE of 60 sovs; about one mile and a half, over six flights.

Mr. W. Burton's b m Evening News, by Breadalbane or Kettledrum—Jenny Jones, aged, 12st (inc 10lb ex) J. Clark 1
Mr. A. Johnson's br m Grand Duchess, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb Mr. Brockton 2
Mr. W. Walker's b c Hindoo, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb Waddington 3
Also ran: Aragon, aged, 12st 7lb; Pains, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb; Beatrice (late Trotter), 5 yrs, 11st; Dunham Massey, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb; Despair, aged 10st 10lb; Cartel, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb; Bric-a-Brac, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb; Moorhen, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb; Idle Boy, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb.

Betting: 7 to 2 agst Bric-a-Brac, 4 to 1 each agst Grand Duchess and Pains, and 6 to 1 each agst Evening News and Moorhen. Won easily by four lengths; two between second and third.

The MAIDEN STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 60 sovs. About 2 miles.

Mr. T. Holmes's b m Fairy, by Joskin—Queen Mab, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb (£20) Mr. R. Walker 1
Captain Haworth's b f Lady Christiana, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb S. Daniels 2
Mr. W. H. Shaw's ch h Bernardet, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb (£20) Elliott 3
Betting: 7 to 4 on Lady Christiana, 5 to 2 agst Bernardet, and 5 to 1 agst Fairy. Won in a canter by a length; a bad third. The winner was sold to Mr. Shaw for 50 guineas.

The LANCASHIRE HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; winners extra; second saved stake. About two miles and a half.

Mr. T. Clayton's b g His Lordship, by Lord Clifden—Arrow, aged, 12st 6lb (inc 12lb ex) Davis 1
Mr. C. Swaine's b h Revenge, aged, 12st 2lb Mr. G. Moore 2
Mr. J. H. Stephenson's br g Jack, aged, 12st 11lb (inc 12lb ex) Mr. Brockton 3

Mr. S. Davis's Dewdrop, aged, 11st 8lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 0
Betting: Evens on His Lordship, 2 to 1 agst Revenge, 3 to 1 agst Jack, and 4 to 1 agst Dewdrop. Won cleverly by two lengths; a bad third.

The STAMFORD HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 80 added; about one mile and three-quarters, over seven flights. 7 subs.

Mr. J. B. Oerton's br g Nemo, by D'Estournel—Pallas, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb S. Daniels 1
Mr. W. Burton's ch h Tancred, 5 yrs, 11st J. Clark 2
Betting: 6 to 4 on Tancred. Won in a canter by six lengths.

HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; gentlemen riders; 2 miles, on the flat. 13 subs.

Mr. H. Davenport's b h Pitman, by The Miner—Heliotrope, 5 yrs, 12st 13lb (inc 10lb ex) Owner 1
Mr. T. Whiting's b m Lozenge, 5 yrs, 12st 13lb (inc 10lb ex) Mr. G. Walker 2
Mr. H. Hall's b g Anacreon, aged, 11st 3lb (inc 10lb ex) Mr. R. Walker 3

Also ran: Secutor, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb; Hardwick, aged, 12st. Betting: 6 to 4 on Anacreon, 3 to 1 agst Pitman, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won in a canter by four lengths; two between second and third.

MATCH: 25 sovs; 2 miles, on the flat.

Mr. Cotton's Ada Latimer, 12st Owner 1
Mr. Crofton's Duchess, 12st Owner 2
Betting: 2 to 1 on Ada Latimer, who won by six lengths.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.

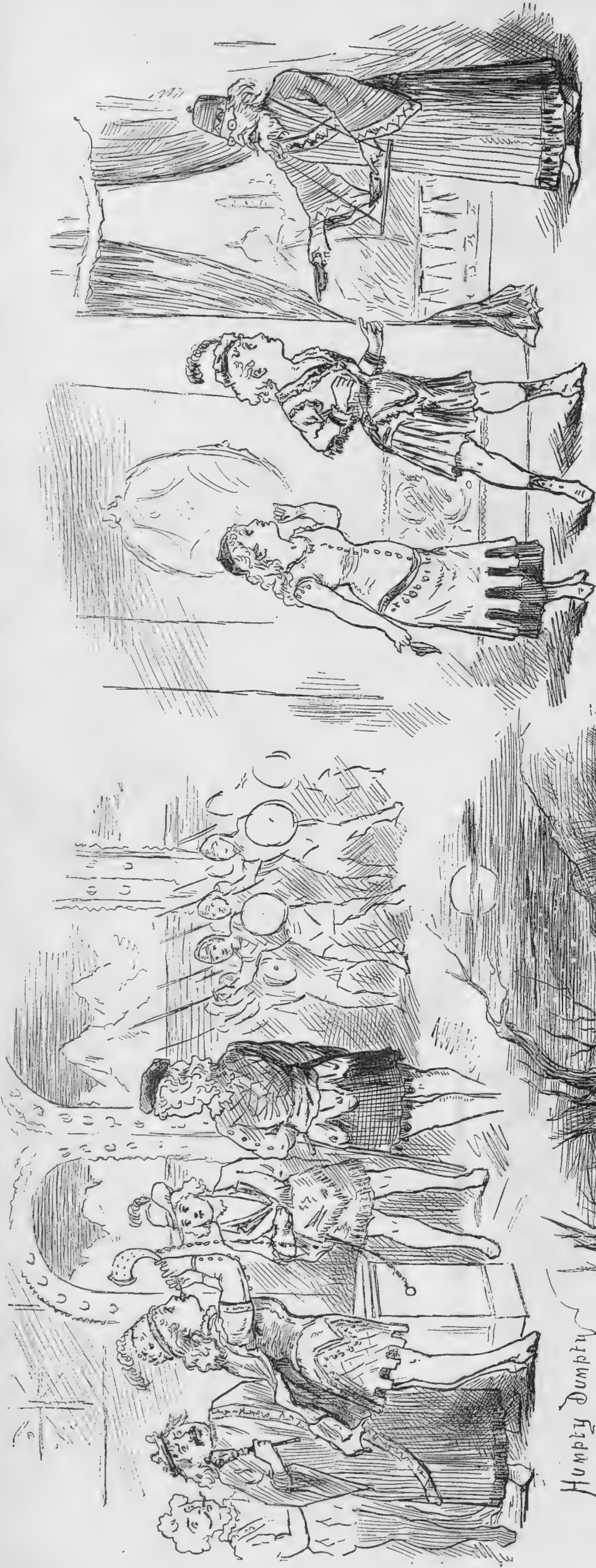
MONDAY, JANUARY 1.—As usual, the first sale of the new year attracted a large attendance, and Mr. Tattersall worked his way through a heavy list, but many lots were returned unsold. Prices:—

THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN. Gs.
Vervain (6 yrs), b h by General Peel out of Citronella, by Knight of Gwynne (Mr. W. H. Manser) 75
Ermengarde (4 yrs), b f by Caractacus out of Citronella (Mr. W. H. Manser) 130

THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN GOING ABROAD.
Ernest (3 yrs), b c by General Peel out of Hop Blossom, by Wind-bound (Mr. E. Hobson) 980
Letcombe (3 yrs), b c by Mandrake out of Fickle (Mr. Kellow) 25
Miss Alice (5 yrs), by Wandering Minstrel out of Heliotrope, by Dundee (Mr. M. Gowan) 200
Young Sydmonton (aged), b g by Sydmonton out of Maid of Malvern (Mr. W. A. Jarvis) 100

TWO YEAR OLDS, THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.
Bay colt (June 20) by Rosicrucian out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, her dam Vexation, by Touchstone (Mr. Jos. Dawson) 1000
Rowland Hill (May 9), by Victorious out of Queen's Head, by Bay Middleton, her dam Stamp, by Emilius (Mr. Jos. Dawson) 400

TWO YEAR OLD, THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.
Vestal (April 26), by Vespasian out of Seclusion, by Tadmor, her dam Miss Sclon, by Cowl (Mr. Jos. Dawson) 750



Humpty Dumpty



Aladdin



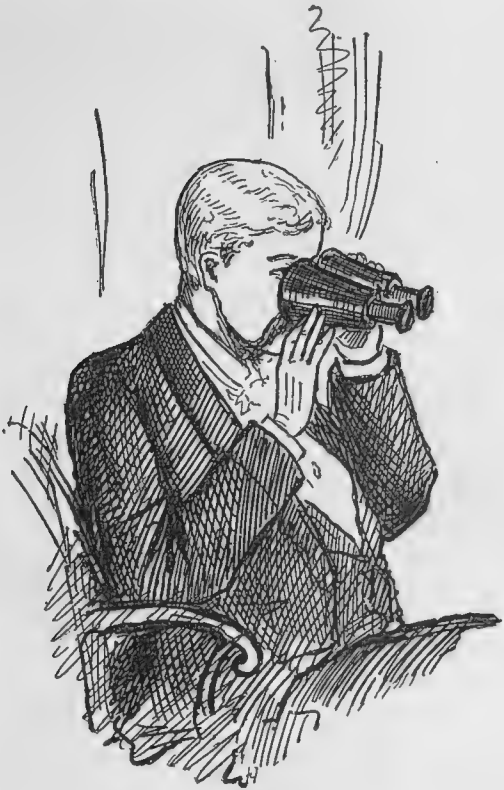
The Sleeping Beauty

Howe & Wilson

Sinbad

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

A PERSON was complaining the other day that I do not fulfil, according to his notion, the conditions of my title. He says I may be very brilliant and clever, and all that (I don't heed his clumsy sneer, bless you), but that I am not captious in the true sense of the word. I asked him to explain what the true sense of the word amounted to. But I could learn no more than that it was—"a kind of a sort of a—you know." This in no way enlightened me, so I concluded not to pay the slightest attention to the per-



son's objections, but to go on my way rejoicing, confident in the esteem, regard—nay, admiration—in which I am held by you, my much-honoured and (on the feminine side) ardently-loved readers.

Nevertheless, in case any false prophet should at any time endeavour to undermine your faith in me by persuading you that I do not do my duty by you, I protest that, everything considered, I am as consistently captious as, under the circumstances, mortal man could be. But sometimes even I may be allowed to gush a little. It is not often that any man of sense can, in these days of artistic hypocrisy, really allow himself to entertain a feeling of genuine enthusiasm regarding any theatrical show. Yet, while not absolutely arrogating to myself the qualifications of a man of sense, I must request your indulgence, if, at any time in my consideration of the Adelphi pantomime, I forget the sternness proper to my position, and permit my feelings to get the better of me. In real earnest, *Little Goody Two Shoes*, or *Harlequin Little Boy Blue* must be pronounced the pantomime of the season. I do not know whether everybody will agree with this opinion of it. But those who disagree must be such persons as are cursed with a dislike of children. For my own part, I must readily confess to being very fond of the society of children. I don't mean when they are in the baby stage of existence, and subject to unaccountable maladies, and a general inability to appreciate the witty remarks of their seniors, but when they have been, so to speak, fledged, when their mothers are enabled to give



Little Goody Two Shoes

up constantly struggling in defence of them, and need no longer expatiate upon the intelligence hitherto latent which now begins to reveal itself; a well-bred child at this period of life is much better company than a wit of the modern school. Because to the first everything is new under the sun, and he is not above expressing his wonderment and delight, whilst the other knows everything so thoroughly that he will not give anybody else a chance of expatiating on the marvels of the universe. Therefore, if you please, leaving the wits to themselves, we will for the nonce concern ourselves with the rising generation. I have no doubt (being well aware of the leading characteristics of the class) that elder pantomimists will regard with anything but pleasure Mr. Chatterton's innovation at the Adelphi. When Master Betty, in days gone by, attracted all playgoers to witness his Shakespearean performances, the lad was looked upon by

older tragedians with any feelings save those of approval. "They crowd to see this stripling try to act, while I am left without a single hand. Ha, ha! this must be seen to." Such was the tone of the general tragic camp with regard to the young Roscius. Nevertheless, the public went to see him, he amassed a large fortune, and, by the time he had



Colin

arrived at manhood, was enabled to retire from the stage and live like a gentleman for the rest of his life upon the results of his youthful triumphs. I should sincerely rejoice, such is my feeling of regard for them, to learn that every one of the juvenile mummies who give such a charm to *Little Goody Two Shoes* at the Adelphi, has an equally bright future before him or her. I am afraid this, however, is too much to hope for. It is more likely that early exposure to the glare of the footlights will



Premier Danseuse

untimely wither up many a bright blossom. Such dismal forebodings, however, are out of place. Let it be enough that I chronicle the fact that *Little Goody Two Shoes* at the Adelphi Theatre is a children's pantomime, solely and successfully played by children. While giving all credit to Mr. John Cormack for the admirable way in which he has trained the little people in their ballets and general business, it is their own individual merits which call for most hearty praise. From



Bertie Coote

beginning to end they act their various parts with a serious comicality that is quite delightful. In the opening libretto, written by "An Old Boy," who I feel almost certain is no other than the genial Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the true charm of fairy story is given in a manner that grown performers could not hope to acquire. I must not fail scrupulously to enumerate every one of the diminutive histrions. There is *Little Goody Two Shoes* herself presented

to the life by Miss Emilie Grattan, a little lady, whose charming acting with her brother, Master Harry Grattan (here *Little Boy Blue*) in *Rip Van Winkle* will be well remembered. There are Johnny Stout, the good boy, and Tommy Green, the Bad Boy, strikingly impersonated by Miss Ellen Feldon and Miss Rosy Smith. There is Miss Kate Seymour, who, as Colin, is the ideal of an Arcadian shepherd, and dances in an enchanting style. There is Sir Timothy Gripe, the wicked baronet and lord of the manor, with Graspall his steward, represented by Masters Barry and H. Wilson. There is Rob of the Woods, a forester, with *Little Elinor*, his sweetheart, played by Mesdames Bella and Weevie Goward. There is the Fairy Good Nature, prettily rendered by a tiny comedienne, who is only named *Little*



Little Boy Blue

Queen Mab. There are May and Nettle, fairies, by Miss Annie Cooper and Miss L. Neville; and there is the Demon Envy (O horror!) rendered by Miss Ada Blanche.

One and all, little ones, I thank ye for your excellent performances. Pray remain always children. Don't grow up into big actors, full of envy, spleen, and malice, always wanting to play Hamlet. But stay; I must not forget the cream of the pantomime—the Harlequinade. I confess that up to the present time I had always regarded this part of the entertainment as a very silly and stupid piece of brutal buffoonery, and so I still consider it when played by grown mummies; but, as done at the Adelphi, the fun of the thing dawned upon me for the first time in my life. It is essentially the wild frolics of childhood—the utter abandonment of animal spirits only proper to the time of life before care, or experience have begun to sober down the temperament of mankind. I always detested clowns until I saw Master Bertie Coote essaying the antics of the time-honoured character. I repeat that now I have discovered the drollery of the thing for the first time in my life. Now I can understand the



A few Extra Ladies

humour of "Hot Codlings" and "Tippitywitchet," hitherto mysteries of unrevealed humour. Hobbling Pantaloon, too, has now a meaning and a charm for me—but, ah! delicate, delightful little Harlequin, what shall I say of thy grace and youthful beauty? Miss C. Gilchrist. I do not wish to make you vain at your age, but I must say you are quite the darlinest Harlequin that ever was; and you tiny Columbine, otherwise Miss Carrie Cook, I would not exchange you for a cart-load of première danseuses. The final scene of the Adelphi pantomime, which represents the main deck of a British man-of-war crowded with little British tars, ought to bring to Mr. Chatterton a formal note of approval from the Admiralty, for it is calculated above anything to revive the old naval enthusiasm of the nation. In short, I shall be surprised if the Adelphi pantomime does not find as much favour in the sight of the older class of playgoers as one might safely reckon upon its receiving from the children.

THE many friends and admirers of Mr. Barry Sullivan will be gratified to learn that he is in a fair way to recovery from his recent accident. The bandage was taken off his eye on Friday, he was out on Saturday, and he left for Belfast on Wednesday, where he hopes to be able to front the glare of the footlights in *Hamlet*.—Yorick.

JOTTINGS.

THE preservation and pursuit of game, says a daily contemporary, is no longer an aristocratic privilege. It is an amusement which is bought and sold in the open market. The poacher who poaches for sport and the starving peasant who snares a rabbit for his sick wife are creatures only of a lively imagination, more conversant with the town than the country. Here and there such cases may possibly be found, but they stand entirely apart from poaching as a regular system, and when proved to be genuine are treated with considerable leniency. What we require is that the organised gangs of ruffians who infest the purlieus of our large towns shall not be allowed to shield themselves behind shadows or to take advantage of an imaginary wrong to escape the punishment of real crime. This however is exactly what occurs at the present day. An absurd idea still lingers in certain classes of society that a game preserver is a feudal tyrant, and a convicted poacher a persecuted serf, whose wrongs cry aloud to Heaven. Would such persons only use their eyes, and observe for themselves the gangs of dirty, sallow, debauched-looking "martyrs" who may be seen congregating about the suburban public-houses of our populous towns and cities they might possibly be drawn to reflect upon their own prepossessions. These are the men by whom poaching with violence is committed: these are the murderers and assassins; and public opinion, emancipating itself from a prejudice which is unworthy of the nineteenth century, should declare that these must be at all events put down.

A CONTEMPORARY calls attention to a new scientific discovery—that of promoting the growth of plants by means of music, and the writer says, "At first, I thought it was a hoax originating in the pages of *Punch*, but I have since discovered that it is nothing of the kind. A correspondent of a contemporary, whose columns are devoted to mechanical and scientific matters, states that, hav-

ing built a small conservatory in a locality which was barren, and not naturally favourable to the growth of vegetation, he endeavoured to cultivate roses and other plants under shelter, but notwithstanding all his efforts, the trees did not thrive well. Presently he removed an harmonium into the greenhouse, and indulged in the practice of music for some months, and was surprised to see a 'gradual but rapid recovery of health on the part of his plants.' He does not say that, on discontinuing the use of the harmonium, the plants fell off again, which might have proved pretty conclusively that it was the music, and not any other cause, which affected them. The scene of this curious experience is not, as might have been expected, America, but Trefaria, in Portugal, where birds, as well as trees, were absent. The writer adds that he 'has often thought that in this fact there might lurk a proof that music was, to some extent, a necessity of vegetable life; at least that music—the song of birds especially—was conducive to the health of plants.' This is all very well; but, if the writer be not indulging in what appears to be a most ingenious hoax, I should imagine that the phenomena, which he attributes to the music, were traceable to some other cause. But I trust the former is the case. Fancy our gardeners insisting upon having pianofortes in our greenhouses and conservatories, and sitting down to play the last popular airs whenever they thought the plants appeared a trifle sickly! It would be too much for the patience even of Job."

FRENCH RACING NOTES.—Owners are taking advantage of the present fine weather to learn something of their yearlings which will be put in training for next season's two-year-old races. Count de Lagrange, accompanied by his nephew, Count de Gouy, was at Dangu a few days back, and tried a number of his youngsters on a course laid out on his stud-farm; he has since been to his training stables at Royal Lieu, to witness the gallop of his horses in the rides of the Forest of Compiègne. MM.

Aumont and Eprussi have tried their yearlings from La Morlaye on the straight course at Chantilly; the trainer Kent has also galloped M. Worms' yearlings on the same course; and Baron de Meeus, Baron de Woelmont, and other owners whose horses are under the care of Charles Pratt at Villebon, have been on a visit there. The French Government has bought for the national breeding studs the entire horses Galba, Drummond, Eole II., Gilbert, Manille, Trombone, Marmot, Solo, St. Cyr, Mont-Valerien, Postillon, M. de Carpiquet, Hippomène, Narvaez, and Le Veinard. The first six belonged to M. Letèvre, but most of them had been leased to Count de Lagrange for their racing career. That lot realised 150,000fr. M. Lupin's St. Cyr was bought for 25,000fr.; the three from Henry Jennings' stable were purchased—Postillon for 18,000fr., Le Veinard for 12,000fr., and M. de Carpiquet 10,000fr. The value of the races run under the direction of the French Jockey Club in 1876 was 1,000,000fr., of which 1,030,000fr. was in added money, and 565,000fr. in entries. With the exception of a sum of 211,675fr., contributed to some of the provincial meetings, the whole of those prizes were run for at Paris, Chantilly, or Longchamps. As the total subventions from the State, the city of Paris, or the railway companies amount to only 142,000fr., the Club furnished 897,000fr. from its own funds. The jockey Bowman has been engaged by M. Pratt for next season. Henry Jennings (nephew) has set up as public trainer for steeplechases, and has taken premises at Sainte-Périne, in the Forest of Compiègne; the Marquis de Laigle's Kate and M. Aumont's Mdle. de Victot have been sent to him to be schooled. The Steeplechase Society of France has issued its programme for the spring meeting at Auteuil. It comprises nine days' running, between Feb. 11 and April 1, and an extra day in May. The steeplechase jockey Tom Taylor died at Chantilly a few days back from the effects of a fall while teaching Merveilleuse to jump.

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AT

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MIDDLE CUT	1/11 "
BACK or BACK RIBS	1/11 "
FLANK	1/8 1/2 "
GAMMON	1/10 1/2 "
FORE END, SHOULDER and NECK	1/7 1/2 "
HAMS.	
OLD YORK HAMS	1/3 "
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WESTPHALIA	1/
BATH	1/
BATH CHAPS.	1/10 "
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CREAM STILTON	1/6 to 1/8 "
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CHESHIRE	1/11 "
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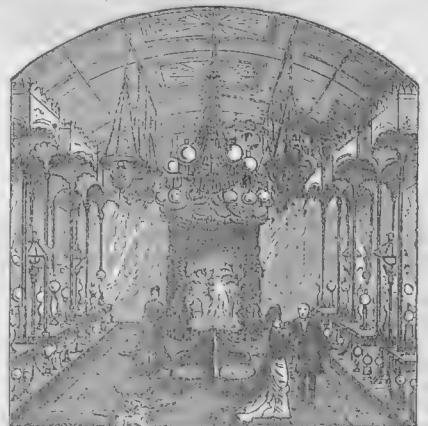
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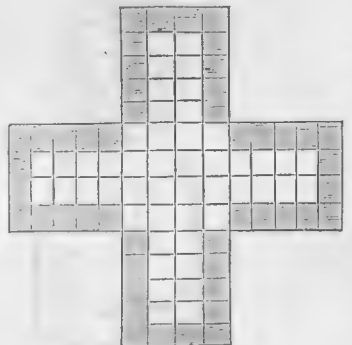


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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

•• We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

DRAMATIC.

ARTHUR WARNE.—The plot of Shakspeare's *As You Like It*, was taken bodily from a play by Thomas Lodge, called *Rosalind*; or, *Euphues' Golden Legacy*, printed in 1590. *Florizel and Perdita*, by David Garrick, was simply an adaptation of Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, which was printed in 1758.

F. KING.—The earliest record of Painted Scenery on the stage was in *The Siege of Rhodes*, by D'Avenant, played in 1656.

S. W. GREENWOOD.—The origin of all plays having to be submitted to the inspection of the Lord Chamberlain was the production of a piece called *The Golden Rump*, which was denounced as treasonous while being rehearsed, and consequently never acted. The name of the author was never discovered, and the MS was destroyed before it was put into type. See also reply to H. H.

Q IN THE CORNER.—The pantomime of *Harlequin Sheppard* was played at Drury-lane Theatre in 1724.

H. H.—No, the plays by Henry Fielding, which really originated the Act of Parliament referred to in the article we quoted from *The Builder*, was called *Parson and The Historical Register*, which were acted at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket in 1737.

BORDERER.—The North Shields Theatre was destroyed by fire in 1852. It had been the property of the Kembles.

A. COHAM.—Mr. E. Forrest made his first appearance as Spartacus at Drury Lane on October 17th, 1856.

L. J. M.—Miss P. Horton was on the stage in 1832.

J. W.—The *Iron Chest*, when first produced, was a failure, which by some was attributed to bad acting and careless management. Its author, George Colman the Younger, published it in 1795, with a long, bitter preface, in which he fiercely attacked Mr. John Kemble, and a dedication to Edmund Kean, in whose hands it succeeded. It was founded on William Godwin's novel of "Caleb Williams." In the preface Colman says, "I agreed to write the following play at the instance of the chief proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre, who unconditionally agreed to pay me a certain sum for my labour, and this certain sum being much larger than any, I believe, hitherto offered on similar occasions, created no small jealousy among the Parnassian *Sans Culottes*; several of whom have of late been rapidly industrious to level to the muddy surface of their own Castilian ditch so Aristocratic dramatic a bargain. The play as fast as written (piecemeal) was put into rehearsal; but here let it be noted, gentle reader, that a rehearsal in Drury Lane (I mean as far as relates to this *Iron Chest*) is a *lucus a non lucendo*. They yept it a rehearsal, I conjecture, because they do not rehearse. I call the loved shade of Garrick to witness; nay, I call the less loved presence of the then acting manager to avow, that there never was one fair rehearsal of the play. Never one rehearsal, wherein one, or two, or more of the performers very essential to the piece were not absent; and all the rehearsals which I attended were so slovenly and irregular, that the ragged master of a theatrical barn might have blushed for the want of discipline in the pompous director of His Majesty's Servants at the vast and astonishing new-erected Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. . . . While I was patiently waiting the expected crisis, a circumstance occurred which compelled

me to watch a crisis of a less agreeable nature. A fever attacked me as I sat beneath the damp dome of Drury Lane, and drove me, *malgre moi*, to bed; where I lay during a week till three hours before the play was produced."

THE CORNET.—Mrs. John Wood.

C. THOMAS.—The first American born actor was John Martin, who made his first appearance in 1790.

T. O. R., Clapham.—We cannot reply privately.

STAMFORD-STREET.—Write to Mr. Arthur Swanborough, enclosing stamped envelope.

F. R. S.—Your letter has been forwarded to our contributor.

MAC.—At the Haymarket Theatre. A success.

SPORTING.

G. N. W.—We were probably silent because we were unable to supply the information. Of course some questions reach us to which, for one reason or another, we are unable to furnish replies.

SUBSCRIBER.—Next week.

CARDS.

LEO, Southport.—No.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. H. D., 4, Rue Castellane, Paris.—We are unable to make the arrangement you suggest.

V. P. MATTISON.—Phalerae were metal bosses of an ornamental character, worn by the Roman Soldiers, in much the same way that medals are now worn, and for a similar reason.

E. F. CARREL.—The lines sent by V.G., in your issue of December 23rd, are in old Norman French, the language of Wace, the ancient Jersey poet. A free translation is contained in the following:—

"Said Aaron to Moses, let's pull off our noses;

"Said Moses to Aaron, 'tis the fashion to wear 'em."

J. M. L., Kilmarnock.—Mr. F. Barnard's drawing was made especially for our Christmas Number—there are, therefore, "no plates or paintings of it to be got."

BLUEGOWN.—Mrs. Stirling.

LUDWIG G. KREITMAYER.—Write to Mr. Buckstone, and enclose stamped envelope.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877.

THE movement set on foot some years ago, having for its object the improvement of the breed of horses throughout the country, unfortunately failed to answer the sanguine expectations of its promoters, and never succeeded in fairly taking root among our national institutions. Lord Calthorpe's appeal to his countrymen, though it met with a reception which gave promise of establishment at some future day, made progress only up to a certain point, and was then suffered to collapse; but the scheme has not failed to work a certain amount of good in provoking discussions and suggestions which may bear really useful fruits when the time arrives for resuscitating and developing a scheme which we hope is merely in a dormant state. When the present prolonged period of social and political depression has given way to more hopeful prospects, we may reasonably look for the subject to receive the consideration which it most undoubtedly deserves; and we venture to predict that not only will its old supporters assist at its revival, but that a large body of country gentlemen, farmers, and others will come forward to aid the good work. Englishmen are proverbially slow in catching at bright ideas, however speciously promulgated; but when once the full scope and position of some "happy thought" have been realised, their zeal in the good cause quite overcomes previous apathy, and they go heart and soul into the new undertaking. Horses are, it is true, a little "easier" in the market, but prices for really first-class animals have fallen but little, if at all, and the supply is nothing like equal to the demand. To prove this we need only to point to the extraordinary prices asked and given for weight-carrying hunters, and dealers complain that in their country tours they do not come across the same class of horses which they could formerly pick up at pleasure, and that the stallions which travel rural districts are many of them unfit for the purpose, their very existence depending much upon the caprice of landlords and the patriotism of the more important among their tenants.

The Cleveland Agricultural Society has done excellent service, and set an example worthy of imitation in endeavouring to bring about a more satisfactory state of things in the important tracts comprised under their jurisdiction. Last year, by offering an exceedingly handsome prize for the stallion best suited for the requirements of the district, they succeeded in bringing together at their annual show a number of very eligible candidates, which was of itself a highly gratifying fact, as showing that there was no real scarcity of material, but that the mine of equine wealth only wanted judiciously working to obtain the highest results. The two hundred pounds' inducement is an extremely solid and satisfactory one, and so spiritedly was it responded to last year, that a sum of like amount has again been voted for a similar purpose at the show at Guisbro' in January. The selected horse must stand in the district for the season, and in 1876 the society was especially fortunate in securing so excellent a representative sire as Merry Sunshine, which so many Yorkshiremen "thought they would like to have for a hunter" when he was esquiring Doncaster and Marie Stuart round the enclosure on the St. Leger day. Though almost too slow for racing purposes, this grandly bred son of Thormanby and Sunbeam is possessed of many most excellent points, and can boast of size, bone, substance, soundness, and unimpeachable blood. All these desirable qualities he brought to bear upon mares in the Cleveland district last spring; and so far reports are encouraging, in that most of his mares are now in foal. We cannot imagine a better type of horse to fulfil the objects of the society, and Mr. Taylor Sharpe, the owner of Merry Sunshine, showed great good judgment in adding the horse to his collection. Such are not to be met with every day, but still there is a fair supply of animals of his class, at present practically useless at home, but in considerable demand by continental nations, as our exportation statistics duly testify.

Were the example set by the Cleveland Society more generally followed throughout England, a deal of this now comparatively useless material, which may be almost described as a drug upon the market, would be brought into play, and we should be no longer annoyed by the sight of sound, well-shaped horses, just lacking the necessary turn of speed for racing purposes, going begging at public sales, or leading unprofitable lives as low-priced sires. In almost every year will be found horses of Julius Cæsar's and Wild Tommy's stamp, which can never hope,

except by mere chance, to take rank with Derby and St. Leger winners, as "fathers of our kings to be," but who, after essaying the handicap business, or suffering conversion into jumpers, leave the Turf with fair average credentials, sufficient perhaps to save them from a life of drudgery, but not of sufficiently brilliant character for them to command the favour of high-class mares. These middle-class stallions have a wide and hitherto almost unworked field of labour before them, could it be made plain that they possessed a certain vocation in life; but they are not brought to travel the various districts, simply for the reason that the price put upon them is rather above that which is found to suit the pockets of proprietors of "walking gentlemen," who are in no wise capitalists or men of enterprise. Hence it follows that too many of the halt, the lame, and the unsound, go the circuit, whilst there is a constant drain from abroad upon the only resources whence the want can be supplied, and horses of the Merry Sunshine stamp are spirited away to swell the number of sires standing at the public service in Germany and elsewhere. We lately saw at Middle Park some half-dozen of the best bred horses in England, and among them more than one fair performer; but they were merely eating the corn of idleness, while their work in the country was being carried on by stallions with not one half the pretensions to improve the breed; and ultimately the majority of them found their way, as usual, into the hands of collectors for the foreign market, who succeeded in attaining the objects of their search almost upon their own terms.

Singularly enough the same Calendar which announces the proposed prize of £200 by the Cleveland Agricultural Society, contains an advertisement setting forth the names of the Glasgow Stud stallions which are to be let by auction at Tattersall's, at the close of the present month. Unfortunately we can discover no evidence worth mentioning as to the success which has attended these hirings, inasmuch as, owing to a variety of circumstances, no information can be gleaned from those who have used them hitherto, and sufficient time has hardly elapsed to have the experiment thoroughly put to the proof. A horse, whose lifetime is devoted to the procreation of hunters, hacks, or roadsters, cannot reasonably be expected to make his mark so quickly as a racing sire, whose every foal is registered, and the results of his labours balanced and calculated to a nicety. We have always considered that, in the event of a National Association for improving the breed of horses becoming an accomplished fact, the Enfield collection would be a splendid nucleus to start with; as it will not be denied that the monster breed of the late eccentric Earl are far better calculated (according to recent experiences) for sireing "cocktails" than thoroughbreds, and are rather thrown away at present for want of some fixed employment. In our humble opinion, Cleveland would be well suited by some of these "coachs" customers, the stock of which are generally too heavy and awkward for racing purposes, but would admirably answer the ends of breeders whose end and aim is to supply the London market with seventeen-hand giants, which are merely required to crawl carefully through a season or two before their weight wears them out. It is for more general purposes, however, that Merry Sunshine and his successors are required, and so long as the very sensible plan is adopted of "competitive examination" plenty will be found to come forward, and more and more year by year. We should like to see a similar institution in every English county with any pretence to facilities for breeding horses; and the machinery is really very simple, when once started and kept properly lubricated with the golden ointment of liberal assistance and support.

The secretary of the Cleveland Agricultural Society writes us that, "it is premature yet to express an opinion as to the results of the scheme, but judging from the greatly increasing interest taken in the show, it may fairly be assumed that it will eventually prove a great boon to the district." All this is as it should be, but we think some sort of rule ought to prevail that an occasional change should take place in the horse elected to serve in the district, otherwise competition would be checked, and the same member be returned unopposed year after year, a state of things which, we apprehend, is farthest from the intentions of the Society. Possibly some limitation of the kind may exist, but if not, we suggest that a provision should be made against what must ultimately result in an undesirable monopoly. No doubt the most perfectly shaped horse will suit the majority of mares, but variety is said to be the charm of life, and we are great advocates for an occasional change of blood both among thoroughbreds and their congeners of less noble race. Were societies founded upon the Cleveland model more numerous, many objectionable features at present attendant upon the show-yard system would be obviated, and the occupants of the ring would be judged rather by works than mere good looks, which have won a high place for many a duffer in the affections of those who afterwards had bitter reason to repent of their choice. A horse's good character in a previous year throughout his district would give weight to the decision of the judges, and those who consent to fill that thankless office would have some grounds to go upon in making their decisions. We wish the Cleveland Agricultural Society all possible success, because we feel certain that the course they have adopted is the only sensible and practicable one to ensure it. They may be looked upon as pioneers of interests in which the well-being of the country is deeply involved; and posterity will be grateful to them for their efforts in the good cause which they have so pluckily undertaken. Let them only go on and prosper for a few years, and they will be subjects everywhere of imitation, which the proverb declares to be the sincerest form of flattery.

THE GUN CLUB, NOTTING-HILL.—The weather on Saturday afternoon was anything but favourable for pigeon shooting, heavy showers of rain, accompanied by a perfect hurricane of wind, prevailing; but, nevertheless, a capital afternoon's sport took place.

CURES OF OLD STANDING ASTHMA, COLDS, &c., BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Robinson, Chemist, Trinity-street, Hull. "In all affections of the Chest, old standing Asthma, Phlegm, and neglected Colds, they act like a charm." In Rheumatism they give instant relief, and taste pleasantly. Sold at 7s. 1/2d. and 2s. 9d per box.—[ADV.]

THE LIVERPOOL PANTOMIMES.

ROYAL ALEXANDRA THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.—Mr. E. Saker has catered famously for the playgoers and holiday folks of Liverpool in the production of his grand pantomime, *The Sleeping Beauty*, by Mr. J. F. M'Ardle, which, for splendour of effect and completeness of finish, surpasses perhaps all his former efforts in this direction. So confident were the Liverpoolians of realising their glowing expectations of what Mr. Saker would do for their delight, that the curtain rose on Boxing Night to a house crowded in every part. The scenery, by Mr. John Brunton and Mr. J. Finlay, was of high merit, and special commendation may be awarded to the scene our artist selected for his sketch, viz., "The Snowflake Valley," in which the effect of falling snow was cleverly realised, and a snow ballet of novel elegance and gracefulness was performed. "A Tangled Glade in the Phantom Wood" was painted with a feeling for the weird and mysterious of much artistic power. The music, arranged, selected, and composed by Mr. J. H. Loveday, has been very warmly praised by local critics, and deservedly. Amongst the performers in the opening, Miss Marie Lengmore personated the saucy page, Florimel, with a degree of vigour and sprightliness which won considerable applause, and Miss Minnie Harford seconded her efforts with no small ability as the charming heroine. Miss Emmerson was graceful and effective as the Fairy Queen, and Miss C. Elton was rapturously applauded as the Queen. Mr. Lablache played Lackadaisy, the lazy page, with good effect. As the Nurse, Mr. Roberts provoked peal after peal of laughter, and Mr. R. Brough was irresistibly funny as the King, while Mr. C. Barnard's Wicked Hag was very terrible in its grim extravagance. The Fritz Family carried away their fair share of the evening's honours, and the harlequinade introduced Mr. E. Pearce as Clown, Mr. A. Mayne as Pantaloon, Mr. F. Talbert as Harlequin, and Miss Hepburn as Columbine. A degree of freshness was infused into the usual business of these pantomime worthies by the presence of their representatives several sizes smaller. But before quitting Mr. Saker's admirable pantomime, we may mention a very striking feature, namely, the story of "Cock Robin," which is gravely—one might almost say touchingly—represented in "the Tangled Glade" scene. Sparrow, fly, fish, kite, beetle, rook, and all the rest of the characters appear in due order, and play their parts, until at last all the birds of the air are present at poor Cock Robin's funeral. Accompanied by simple explanatory choruses from unknown singers, this cleverly designed pantomime within a pantomime, played in dumb show by very little children, was a singularly complete success. So, in another way, was the counterfeiting of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield by two performers, who were got up with great skill, and who, apropos of nothing, appear in the tangled wood as woodmen, and led up to the crisis, when Florimond, after cutting a great dragon into three parts, each of which is at once endowed with a head, and then conquering the three, escaped the menacing claws of enchanted branches and all the dangers of the thicket, and made his way into the city, which was under the enchantment of its century of sleep. This scene is very impressively painted—distance, variety, and Oriental architecture being produced with great effect.

ROTUNDA THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.—Mr. D. Grannell, adopting the "happy hunting ground" provided in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," has selected *Aladdin*; or, *the Wonderful Lamp*, as the subject of his '76-7 pantomime, which has been received with unmistakable expressions of satisfaction by overflowing houses. Mr. M'Ardle has adhered pretty strictly to the old story. Miss Lizzie Willmore makes a charming *debonnair* hero. Miss Kissie Wood, as Kalim Azack, gives her songs and dances with delightful abandon and freshness. The Widow Mustapha is very comical in the hands of Mr. A. Macpherson, and the parts of the Magician, Vizier, Emperor, and Kazrak were respectively filled by Messrs. R. Mansell, G. T. Minshall, C. Morgan, and A. Ricketts. The female mortals were ably represented by Miss A. Stephenson, Miss A. Brown, Miss E. Markham, and Mrs. C. Morgan; the principal Fairies and Genii by Miss A. Collins, Miss Romilie, and the Kellino Family. The ballets and pageantry are of an elaborate and gorgeous character, being directed by Miss Carlotta Verte and Mr. C. Green; and to Mr. Charles Wood, the musical and stage director, is almost entirely due the great success of the stage management, music, and great success of the general performance. The scenery consists chiefly of elaborate sets, and is very artistic. The Transformation, the design and work of Mr. John Crawford, being very brilliant. In the harlequinade, which is always made a distinct and special feature here, Mr. James Kellino was clown. The rest of the comic characters were personated by Messrs. A. Ricketts, C. Green, Robins, Webster, the Kellino Brothers, and Miss C. Verte.

THEATRE ROYAL, LIVERPOOL (Lessee, Mr. I. de Frece).—The Christmas production here approached us as *Humpty Dumpty*; or, *Harlequin King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table*, to which Boxing-Day secured a genuine success. The libretto, furnished by Mr. J. F. M'Ardle, opens in the Fairy Realms of Fancy, wherein as the Spirit of Good Cheer, Miss Annie Temple summons Poetry (Miss Janet Banks) and Romance (Miss Pauline Banks) to aid her in selecting a thoroughly British subject for the Christmas play. The pantomime proper begins in Ye Ancient Village of Camelians, where Merlin (the magician) has a school, which includes among its pupils Arthur, Lancelot, Tristram, and Guinevere. Humpty Dumpty (Mr. W. Rowella) is born of owlsh parentage on the top of a wall, from which of course he falls, and he dares to make love to the King's daughter, the pretty Guinevere (Miss G. Stuart), Arthur (Miss Bertie Stokes) and Lancelot (Miss Annie Anderson) arrive to repel his advances, and the scene closes with the drawing of the magic sword, Excalibur, from the mystic stone by Arthur, and his being proclaimed and hailed king of Britain. Among the bitterly disappointed and envious knights who vainly endeavoured to draw the sword is Surlichurl (Mr. A. Rich), who with the connivance of Morgan (Mr. E. Campbell) and Humpty Dumpty, carry off Guinevere to the Castle of Camelot, Arthur and Lancelot pursuing them. The former having first, by fairy aid, entered the Cave of the Round Table, blown the mystic horn, and awakened the slumbering knights, finally attacks the stronghold of Surlichurl, rescues his true love, and overthrows the Saxon foe and his demon confederate Humpty. The sudden change of the gloomy Enchanted Cave to one of light and brilliancy was very striking, and highly creditable to Mr. Browning, the artist who conceived and executed it. Mr. Gray's Haunt of the Fairies was an excellent scene, and his landscape set, the exterior of Camelot Castle deservedly elicited the warmest encomiums. The transformation scene, entitled the Hall of Majolica Fountains, nightly earns a call for the clever designer, Mr. Gray. Miss Bertie Stokes, as King Arthur, plays with the utmost spirit and piquancy. Miss A. Anderson and Miss Kate Bentley, as the prominent knights, were charmingly good. Sir Tristram (Mr. J. Busfield) made his robust tenor voice of the most service in the numerous concerted pieces, and the comic element was well sustained by Mr. W. Rowella, in the impish title rôle; by Messrs. Dolph Rowella and A. Bolton, as the twins Philip and Phloip; and by Messrs. A. Rich and E. Campbell, as Surlichurl and Morgan respectively. Mr. Birchenough, as King Leodegrance; Mr. H. Chippendale, as

Merlin; the fairy, Miss A. Temple; Miss Varley, and the clever children Miss Janet and Miss Pauline Banks, also merited the frequent outbursts of applause which followed their efforts. Other parts were ably sustained by Miss B. Richardson and Messrs. Vernon, Marshall, and Manson. The several ballets were arranged by Mr. W. Rowella, led by Miss E. Rowella and Madame Elise; and the children's dances, marches, and martial tableaux, are Mr. Rowella's. The music is of a superior character, and although it embraces the usual popular ballad airs of the day, these have been arranged and scored with great skill by Mr. George Bonner. Messrs. W. and D. Rowella were Clowns. Messrs. A. Bolton, E. Burgess, Signor Artelli, and Mesdames Elise and Rowella, ably supported their respective parts; and the De Castro family were loudly applauded in their extraordinary acrobatic entertainment.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.—The pantomime here is entitled *Robinson Crusoe*. The graceful and witty libretto is from the pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand. The original story has been treated with little respect, and the chief characters are Dame Crusoe (Mr. H. D. Burton), Baccastopper, a bold buccaneer (Mr. J. Wainwright), and Robinson's stepmother. The buccaneer falls in love with Crusoe's sweetheart, Polly (Miss Rosa Lee), who is aided by Ben the Bo'sun (Miss Laura Fay). We are duly introduced to Man Friday (Mr. T. F. Doyle) and the Cannibal King Kalibbro (Mr. F. Barsby), and also to sundry mythological personages who furnish the necessary explanation of the occult influences which sway the destinies of the hero and the mortals of the story. The scenery has been painted by Messrs. Charles Fox, jun., and W. B. Spong, and the music, which embraces many of the popular ditties of the day, has been arranged by the conductor, Mr. Wallerstein. The local press has been unanimous in praise of scenery, costumes, and general appointments, and it has been remarked that if there is a fault to be found with the production, it is that of over-elaboration.

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

ST. ALBANS.

HOLDING, along with Thunderbolt, the position of head of the Stockwell family, St. Albans has next a claim upon our attention, although sadly fallen from his high estate, when he formed a principal attraction of the Royal Stud, instead of filling the humble position which he now holds in that establishment. Visitors to Hampton Court Paddocks who have not penetrated further than the enclosure where the annual sales of her Majesty's yearlings are held, can hardly have failed to notice one among the stallions' boxes distinguished by a black paling on the top of the party-wall. This has long been the residence of St. Albans, one of whose little eccentricities was to break out into fits of temper such as Cruiser's self might have envied; though it is only fair to say that such precautions as were adopted to put a stopper on his vagaries have long since been rendered unnecessary by a course of judicious treatment. Those who assisted at the St. Leger festival of 1860 will have a vivid recollection of the "light 'arted 'oss" who went neighing and romping down to the post, pulling poor Luke Snowden out of the saddle, and looking more like a wild country stallion than a second season racer. Many tales are told of his little games with grooms and attendants after he joined the fraternity of "Fathers of the English Turf," and leading him at exercise must have been no joke to those entrusted with the chaperonage of the fiery chestnut. At one time he had to be content with what little exercise he could take in his yard, but in his latter days he has become more temperate, and shows but little of the old Adam lingering in his disposition. St. Albans, bred by the Marquis of Ailesbury (then Lord Bruce) in 1857, was got by Stockwell out of Bribery, by the Libel from Splitvote, by St. Luke out of Electress, by Election. Bribery, who won the Goodwood Stakes as a three-year-old, was put to the stud next year, and after having produced Compromise to Alarm, and Sedbury to Bay Middleton, gave birth to St. Albans in the succeeding year. The Libel, the maternal grandsire of St. Albans, was a singularly well-bred horse, by Pantaloon out of sister to Touchstone, so that "the stallion," as he was called when in training, combines the Birdcatcher and Touchstone elements, the fusion of which has proved successful in so many instances, especially as regards the descendants of Stockwell. Like most of those *débutantes* destined to carry the red, black, and yellow of Lord Salisbury, the "Bribery colt" went up to Alec Taylor's in his yearling days, and took his first breathers over the fine expanse of downland, which overlooks many a snug homestead in the occupation of his owner's tenants. The produce of Bribery have always been delicate animals, and it required all his trainer's skill and patience to keep the future St. Leger winner going during the winter previous to his début as a two-year-old. The weak place had always been in the knees, and nothing but temporary rest from their labours could lessen the evil, so that training operations had to be continually interrupted, and scarcely one of the tribe has been found capable of standing a thorough preparation. Hence, though he showed occasional flashes of fine form at home, the Bribery colt, as trainers say, was "never the same horse two days alike," and 1859 opened with no very brilliant prospects in store for the dark chestnut, who, as the Druid tells us, "pleased his Lordship and Taylor by giving Plumper 10lbs. in a trial" in his yearling days. The unnamed one's first public essay gave no earnest of his future excellence, and he was anything but cherry ripe when he entered the Biennial lists at Stockbridge, with "Nat" Flatman in the "red, yellow sleeves, and black cap," which the Bribery colt was destined one day to make so famous. Starting at a very forlorn price, he was never in the hunt with Mainstone, Leprochaun, and Apollo, "Pam's" horse winning cleverly enough at the finish. In the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, Fyfield showed more prominently, Mr. Stirling Crawford's Winton defeating Tom Bowline and the Bribery Colt, the latter of which had gone amiss shortly before Nat took him in hand. After the race, we are told "he was so unwell that Taylor assured his lordship it would be impossible for him to start again that week. In fact he put him into the van in Cantine's place at Ailesbury, as he was far too weak to walk across the country." From the same authority we learn that "at Newmarket that Autumn he made out very badly, but he began to come rather later on, and in a two-mile trial with Compromise, who gave him 25lbs. for the two years; the six-year-old Clarissa gelding 6st., and the two-year-olds Conscript and Gwellyn, he won just as he liked. He was tried at Stevens's, of Ilsley, in the spring, and was in Godding's hands for the Metropolitan and Chester Cup." This brings us to a narrative of his doings as a three-year-old, which began at Newmarket Craven, in a Sweepstakes wherein he was ridden by Luke Snowden, but could only get a fair second to Sagitta, the speedy daughter of Longbow; subsequently carrying Lord Derby's colours to the fore in the One Thousand Guineas. The next week saw him stripped for the great Metropolitan at Epsom, and starting at the comfortable price of 100 to 8; he made very short work of such favourites as Special Licence, Mouravieff, Wallace, and a very superior field of horses, carrying Tom French as his pilot, who was then able to scale the feather weight of 5st 9lb. Upon that day week he was back at Newmarket, and once more under Luke Snowden's guidance, handsomely disposed of Northern Light (the trial horse of Thormanby), King of Diamonds, Hartley Wintney, and others; in the Newmarket Stakes running his opponents completely to a stand-

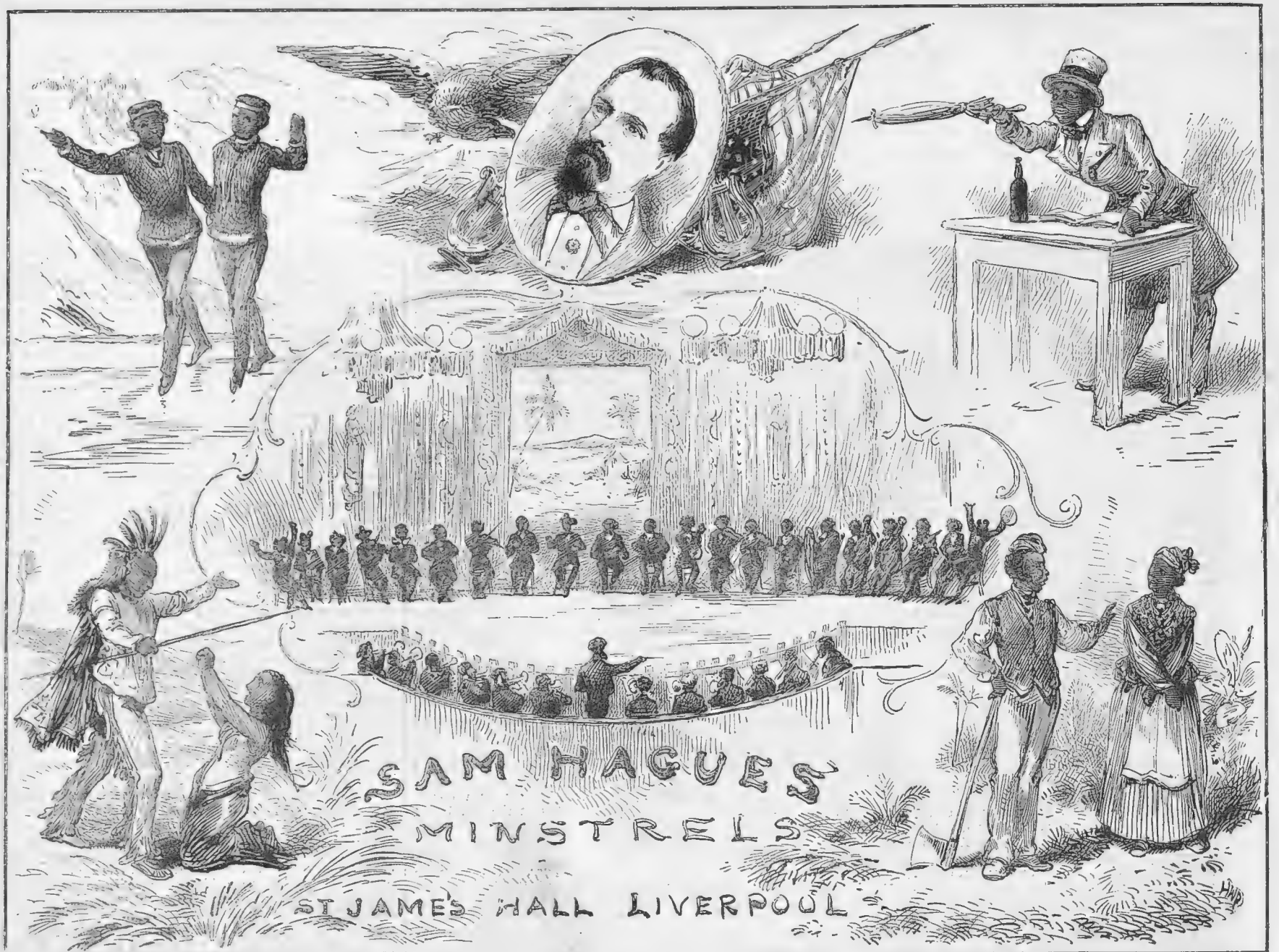
still. The following Wednesday saw him at Chester with Tom French again in the Ailesbury colours, and victorious in the far-famed "Coop" over Petra and Tame Deer, starting on this occasion first favourite at 3 to 1. No wonder after so great a pressure of travel and toil, he showed symptoms of unsoundness, and had to be withdrawn from the great Epsom race, in which his meeting with Thormanby would have been a most interesting feature, though he would probably have shared the fate of Wizard and Umpire, and have gone down before a fresh horse like the famous Russley chestnut. St. Albans (for we had omitted to state that he had by this time received his most appropriate name) had meanwhile returned to Fyfield, and "it was some weeks before Taylor could go on with him for the St. Leger; but he could not have made weather to suit the immense work his colt had to do, more exactly, and a rough gallop in clothes for the St. Leger distance with Plumper showed him to be more than 2st the best of the pair." The St. Leger of 1860 was one of the most memorable in the annals of the race, for though Thormanby was slightly under a cloud, owing to a rather hurried preparation, the enthusiasm of the Northerners waxed fierce in the cause of Sabreir and the Zetland spots, while John Scott once more looked formidable with The Wizard. In addition to these, the field contained such horses as Sweetsauce, Stampedo, Umpire, Wallace, Buccaneer, and King of Diamonds, all good winners, but in the face of this powerful opposition St. Albans advanced to 8 to 1, and Thormanby having shot his bolt early in the race, the "stallion" romped home in front of High Treason and The Wizard, Luke Snowden's orders to "come with him at the distance," being triumphantly carried out. Like many other St. Leger winners, he aspired to "double first" honours by challenging for the Doncaster Cup, but his "absolute last" to such second-raters as Cape Flyaway, Sutherland, and The Wizard showed plainly enough that there was something amiss, and he pulled up so lame that he had to be blistered and put by as soon as they got him back to Fyfield. During the winter he was patched up, and for some time made such good progress that his prospects of ripening into a cup horse were sufficiently bright for the stable once more to have a cut at Thormanby in the Ascot Cup. The faith of his followers was further strengthened by a "feeler" they thought proper to take with him in the Triennial on Tuesday, wherein he defeated King of Diamonds and Allington in the easiest possible fashion over very hard ground. Consequently the meeting of the Russley and Fyfield cracks on the Thursday was regarded with uncommon interest, the field comprising, in addition to the two celebrities, Fairwater, Parmesan, and Dulcibella. Probably his race two days previously had unsettled the "Saint," (on whose behalf Plumper was started to make a good pace) and he finally "cracked" at the turn for home, leaving Thormanby to avenge his Leger defeat, who had matters all to himself after his rival's breakdown. So serious was the latter's case, that all hopes of another preparation were reluctantly given up, and St. Albans never "troubled the starter" again.

St. Albans is a very dark chestnut horse, almost a black in the season, but fading away to a much lighter shade during the winter months. He has a good, bloodlike head, with more breeding about it than is usually exhibited by the sons of Stockwell, with a white blaze, and a good deal of "devilry" about the eye, which accounts for the "padded chamber," with its high black palisading outside, which has been his residence since he first came to Hampton Court. He has a clean-cut, muscular neck, without any lumber, and his shoulders are powerful, if a trifle inclined to be heavy at the points. He runs up rather "waspy" in the waist, like a mare, but he has a good back, fine quarters and second thighs, though the development of his forearms is not quite so good. Like most of his family, he is cursed with weak joints, and it is wonderful how he passed scathless through the fiery ordeal of his spring preparation of 1860. When in training he was an especially showy, flashing-looking customer, romping and neighing about until he had fairly settled down to business, when his speed and dash were things to be remembered. Few thought "the stallion" (as he was called) capable of showing his white heels to such a field as mustered at the St. Leger post in Thormanby's year, but, though he won with ease, it was his last expiring effort, and no trainer's art could fairly set him on his legs again. As a sire he cannot be deemed an unequivocal success, for, though he has fathered a few good ones, they have not been numerous in proportion to his chances. Most of them have been cursed with savage or sullen tempers, and have caused endless grief and disappointment to owners and trainers. Hence the knife has too often been the lot of his colts, while his fillies have early been cast aside as jades unable to pay their way.

Never did a horse start in stud life under more favourable auspices than the subject of this sketch, for, in addition to his popularity as a racehorse, the position and influence of his owner were sufficient to ensure a full subscription for his first "year of office" at Hampton Court, where it was determined he should stand at the public service. From the twenty guinea fee at which he first "received" in 1862, he advanced to twenty-five guineas in 1865, and the year afterwards to double that figure, the performances of Julius and others having brought him into prominent notice among breeders. For five years he commanded a full subscription at the above-named fee; but, somehow, he failed to make his mark as decisively as was expected, and it was found necessary to lower him to thirty guineas in 1871, and to reduce him still further in 1875 to the figure at which he originally started. The subjoined foal list will show how freely he was patronised early in life, and what a sad falling off the last few years have witnessed:—

1863	22 foals.	1870	22 foals.
1864	30 "	1871	15 "
1865	28 "	1872	9 "
1866	30 "	1873	7 "
1867	23 "	1874	8 "
1868	23 "	1875	7 "
1869	25 "				

His best winners have been Rodomonte and The Primate (both the produce of his first year at the stud), Julius, Grimston, Lady Grace, The Parson, St. Ronan, Martyrdom, St. Mungo, St. Aubyn, Silvester, Protomartyr, Queen of the Jungle, Caithness, Seville and others, and of these Julius, Martyrdom, and St. Mungo, if they just missed the very highest honours of the turf, made reputations of sufficient note to enable them to rank respectably among the sires of the day. Now that St. Albans is verging on his twentieth year, it is hardly likely that he will realise in his old age the sanguine expectations once formed of him as a "father of our kings to be." Springfield has given him a temporary lift, and visitors to Hampton Court will find that time has dealt leniently with the fiery chestnut after his labours on the turf, and at the stud. There are one or two of his produce among the Royal yearlings which we have already noticed favourably in a review of their ranks some five months since; but he wants the chances which he is now hardly likely to obtain, of some young fresh mares, to retrieve his fallen fortunes. We always thought his unlucky brother Savernake, who stood for one or two seasons at Hampton Court before his removal to Germany, a horse of far greater pretensions to make a great name, and we hold him to have been a loss to the country. St. Albans has a fair list of mares to his credit in the Stud Book; but so far La Belle Helene, Inquisition and Leah are the only ones which have made anything of a name, although there is still plenty of time for his representatives to do credit to the running blood which enters so largely into the composition of their progenitor.



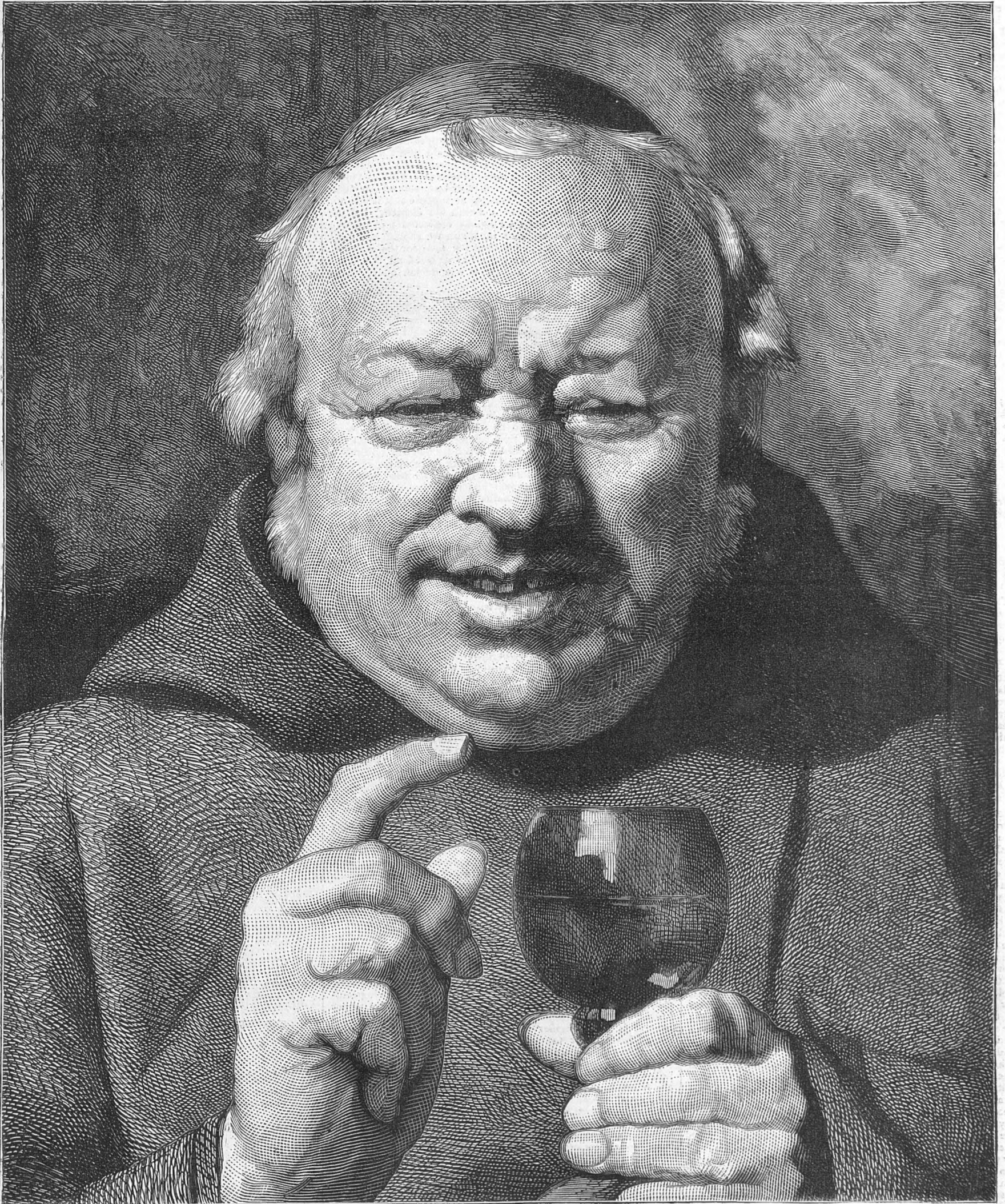
SCENE IN EDINBURGH BEFORE THE OLD TRON-CHURCH ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

OUI DIRE.

UNDER the head of "Sceptical Comments" Mr. Henry J. Byron writes the following remarks anent the drama and the Press:—"I don't care a button for the Press!" Very few amongst us have not heard *that* remark from the lips of managers, metropolitan and provincial. Only the other day one of the o'dest and wisest of country managers made the above observation to me, but I am bound to say he did *not* use the term

'button.' When the 'notice' is flattering, the Press is 'a mighty organ,' but when *not*, 'it's only the opinion of one man after all.' To this irate gentleman I replied, 'You pay so much for your own opinion in the shape of an advertisement of six lines on one side of the paper. Surely, if you can get half a column of somebody else's for nothing on the other (supposing it to coincide with your own), it must be worth—if twenty times the length of the advertisement—twenty times as much.' I believe the notion that 'pitchings in' are harmless is about as fallacious as that 'unlimited kudos' means certain success.

There is no doubt that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, dramatic critics are honest, and an honest opinion must be worth something, especially if it be read by some two hundred thousand people. No kindly notices ever made a piece that had not the elements of popularity, and no adverse criticisms ever damaged a play that *had*. But if a piece is shaky, *then* a 'slating' settles its fate; and, if meritorious, then a general 'lift up' places it past peril. I can hear my old friend, the manager, mutter 'Rubbish!' as he reads these lines, but he is wrong for all that."



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!"—A SERMON AT THE FEAST.

BUNN, "the Poet Manager," had a very similar idea. Mr. Bunn's comments were drawn forth by what he called "the silly hubbub" concerning "press orders" in some of the daily papers, when Mr. Mathews alleged that £25 a night was the sum represented by press orders at the doors of the Lyceum Theatre, and Mr. Albert Smith complained of a similar suppositious loss per week, and Mr. Webster published a statistical account of free admissions issued by the London newspapers in 1850, 1851, and 1852. Mr. Bunn says:—"The two points to be considered herein, are what effect these free admissions actually produced upon the treasuries

of the respective theatres, and what equivalent was received for the indulgence extended. We take it for granted that none of these worthy brother managers of ours squeaked out, excepting in cases of emergency, when they happened to have a run of good luck; at other times, it is but fair to presume they would have been glad if the Press had written double their usual number of admissions. Orders to the amount of £25 per night or per week, may have been admitted, but we are by no means disposed to believe that they ever excluded that sum of ready money *bonâ fide* presented at the doors. But supposing they did, let us

regard for a moment the immeasurable advantages derived from the courtesies of the papers (claiming any position) which issued them, wherein ordinary advertisements (however much may have been paid for them) would be partially useless. Fifty people read a paragraph where scarcely ten read a mere formal, humdrum, inflated advertisement. The arrival of any leading artiste, the illness of another, a visit from Royalty (when such things were existent), changes in performances, and other incidental matters, are occurrences most essential to the manager to be made known, yet cannot become so but by courtesy of the journalist,

which, we honestly own, was apparent in all the transactions we ever had with the different public journals, during a much longer period than these gentlemen have held sway—and we take it for granted still is. Why, it has sometimes happened to ourselves, that it would be worth any sum to obtain the insertion of a sudden alteration in the announcement forthcoming on the morrow; and while it is clear that, in the observance of the ordinary rules of a newspaper-office, irregular things could not be sanctioned, yet we have ever experienced such kindness, even at so unreasonable an hour as twelve o'clock at night—a privilege, as we have said, of incalculable value. On the mere question alone of advertisement-price and advertisement-position, the money would be well laid out, supposing the whole affair a mere matter of business; for not only is the charge less to managers than to any other class of people, but while their advertisements might be placed with servants out of place, vendors of patent pills, horseflesh, and other odd commodity, they invariably appear in the most conspicuous and important part of the paper. That the privileges enjoyed until lately by persons supposed to belong to the Press of our metropolis, have been abused, admits of no question; but such instances are for the most part unknown to the proprietors, editors, critics, conductors, or general writers connected with such journals; and the persons committing these exactions are unworthy of either confidence or employment. At the same time, during the very long period we have from time to time directed the two patent theatres, our resources have ever been lightly taxed, and we have in return ever met, in all quarters worthy of extending favours, or asking them (if such term be admissible), the utmost assistance; and we candidly confess that if it should ever be our misfortune to stand again in the same managerial position, we shall be sorry to see so pleasant a mode of interchanging civilities in any one way departed from. In America, the general mode observed is, that of placing the principal parties connected with public journals on the free list, and on all special occasions of sending extra complimentary admissions, for all of which seats are reserved; and while such attention by no means fetters the judgment of criticism, it obtains on all occasions from the editorial columns a friendly reference to the performances announced—equally useful to the theatre and acceptable to the community. However unpleasant reproach may be, one thing is quite certain, that, if the Press did not sometimes remind us of our faults, the chances are we should never correct them; a stern fact, with which courtesy, privilege, or whatever other term you like to use, ought to have nothing on earth to do.” The whole of the controversy to which Mr. Bunn alluded was indeed a rare piece of fun, seeing that directly a theatre ceased to have those vacant places in front, which good management with a keen eye to the power of appearances, always contrives to fill, the free admissions were invariably withdrawn. To carefully calculate the loss of that which one never had, and then appeal to the public for sympathy, was, therefore, a mere farce over which “the knowing ones” must have laughed and chuckled not a little.

It has been announced by Mr. F. Towers that Miss Rosa Towers will arrive by the January mail, and that then he will be at liberty to treat with London managers for the appearance of Miss Rosa Towers in two copyright dramas, and an adaptation of Mr. B. L. Farjeon's *Grif*, in which, according to the advertisement, this young lady has achieved a brilliant success in various theatres in Australasia. Mr. B. L. Farjeon, as author of the novel “*Grif*,” and of a drama bearing the same title, has appealed to London managers, and managers out of London, not to make any arrangements, without his written consent, with Mr. F. Towers or any other person for the production of a drama which he himself is awaiting a favourable opportunity to produce.

“THE MOHAWK MINSTRELS” have published in a contemporary a letter, at the conclusion of which they say: “We wish, however, to call the attention of the profession to the fact that we still believe in free trade, and that now, as heretofore, any one may sing any of our songs anywhere, and print the words in any programme.”

REPORT says that Lord Drummond, son of the Earl of Perth, who is just twenty years of age, is residing in a wooden shanty at Brookhaven, near New York, with his wife, a girl who was formerly housemaid in a family mansion at which this very original nobleman visited in England. He and his wife went to America about three years ago, arrived without money, and soon after his lordship was a farm labourer, while her ladyship obtained employment as a domestic. His lordship was afterwards porter to a New York tobaccoist, but he now earns a living by his skill as a sportsman. It is curious to remember that some day this affectionate couple will be the Earl and Countess of Perth.

LOOKING over the musical year just closed, says the *Daily Telegraph*, we are conscious of mixed feelings. It is natural to rejoice at the almost bewildering activity exhibited, at the amount of real work done, and at the signs of steady progress made. But we seek in vain for proof that our music is becoming national in the sense of belonging to, and being distinctive of, the nation. That which we have amongst us is mainly like the tropical flotsam and jetsam thrown on Norwegian shores by the Gulf Stream. It comes to us from afar, and though we are glad to pick it up and pass it from hand to hand, for pleasure or profit, we cannot, strictly speaking, claim it as our own. In this respect we seem rather to retrograde than advance. Time was when English church music—noble and dignified, it somewhat pedantic—had a character to be confounded with that of none other. Time was, also, when the English glee, with its connected forms of vocal music, flourished as a plant “racy of the soil.” But now Mendelssohn and Gounod, *et hoc genus omne*, are sweeter to the ears of worshipping Britons than the Purcell or Croft who delighted their sturdy fathers; while as for the glee, it preserves only a semblance of life—like a stuffed nightingale in a glass case—under the auspices of a few long-descended and exclusive societies. At a time when the remains of a national and independent musical existence are thus neglected or surrendered, nobody looks for the evidence of growing vitality; as to which the year just gone has proved not less barren than those that went before. True, we have plenty of composers whose ambition contemplates the highest flights, whose ability commands respect, and whose labours deserve sympathy. But where is the genius who shall do for English music what English painters and poets have done for their respective arts—who shall study the master-pieces of other lands, not faintly to reproduce, but to make them foster a vigorous and personal life, and around whom others may gather to learn the traditions of a national art. For such a man, or even the hope of his coming, we “search from Dan to Beersheba” without result. Wanting him, English music, so-called, is but an echo, more or less strong, of foreign strains, and our composers, such as they are, begin their career at Leipzig.

Is the case much better as regards executive artists? We fear not. The fame of our singers and players is bounded by these little islands, or, at most, known only to men of English speech, so that a Frenchman or a German might live a long life without better proof than rumour gives of our having any artists at all. Our daily contemporary adds—we have numerous academies, the result of private enterprise, and at least two which may claim the dignity of public institutions, all more or less crowded with pupils, and all, no doubt, working vigorously at the task of exemplifying their respective systems. Yet, while the wheels of

this manifold machinery buzz around him, the zealot for England's musical fame looks in wonder and sorrow at the result. He attends “students' concerts” by the half-dozen, and is oppressed by the weight of the hopeless mediocrity exhibited. The pupils are, many of them, clever up to a certain point, and proofs of their industry abound, but one looks vainly even for a sign that the fast thinning ranks of our admittedly able artists will be soon recruited. Why is this? Can it be that the best of English talent—which may reasonably be supposed to drift into our academies—is no better than such a result would indicate? We should be sorry to entertain the thought, preferring rather to ask whether the larger share of responsibility does not rest with the academies themselves. How many of these institutions are homogeneous, having a definite and well-considered plan of education to which teachers and pupils must alike conform? How many, on the other hand, are but a “fortuitous concourse” of individual professors, each doing that which is right in his own eyes, without cohesion, and, as a body, without system? The true answer to these questions may go a long way towards explaining a state of things we all regret. If not, then there is no choice but to despair of the immediate future, and wait, as patiently as we can, for the “good time coming”—if, haply, there be such—later on.

“LITTERATEUR,” writing to the Editor of the *Morning Post*, says, “At last we have a confirmation by Professor Macleod, of Glasgow, reported in the *British Medical Journal*, of the truth of an inference which I elicited some months since respecting the most common form of hydrophobia. It appeared to me then impossible that the *virus* of any animal could affect blood that had plainly disappeared six weeks or more, to say nothing of ‘months.’ The idea a few moments of reflection will show to be absurd. The *virus* of a snake, hornet, or wasp acts on the blood instantly. No one is foolish enough to suppose that it will not affect his body until a week or a month has elapsed. All the blood in a man's body must be rapidly converted into organic adaptation of the various kinds, otherwise we should not need the large daily supplies we continually take for its renewal. Before a week has passed new chyle has replaced all the blood that existed seven days previously in any human body. How could any medical practitioner of thoughtful habits believe that the *virus* of an animal could touch blood that must have long since passed away? It is most discreditable to the intellect, the medical intellect, of our time that it should at last be compelled by the logic of fact to recognise a truth that ought long since to have been almost apparent. Professor Macleod has had in the Glasgow Infirmary two patients afflicted with hydrophobia who have never been bitten by any animal. They had been perfectly well until they had “taken up a newspaper and read of a man that had died of hydrophobia.” The hydrophobia was certainly, as it often has been, a mental production: “Sergeant McGilvray,” the professor reports, “informed him that his mind was haunted night and day by a bite which he had received, knowing as he did that people had died from hydrophobia, till at last he had those extraordinary symptoms, which seemed really as much mental as bodily.” A man died not long since at Croydon six weeks after he had been bitten by a dog; and others who had been bitten by the same dog had had no hydrophobia. Some have died two or even six months after a bite. Probably the animal was merely savage, and not mad at all. “Hundreds of people,” adds Professor Macleod, had been bitten in Glasgow during the last few months, and there had been only three, if these were, as he thought they were, cases of Hydrophobia. I wrote to the editor of the *Spectator* after the Croydon case, showed him that the hydrophobia in that case must be mental, and wished him to ventilate the idea. He declined. It takes half a century, said the *Edinburgh Review*, to beat a new idea into the popular intellect. Of the facility with which the mental energy produces disease even in the bodies of intellectual men, Babbage reports a curious example in his “*Life of a Philosopher*.” Rogers, the poet, he says, sat once with his back to a large pane of plate glass soon after those panes were introduced. He thought the window was open, and he caught cold. A multitude of similar cases have been reported of the extraordinary powers of the mental energy, and the law, the general law, of their production was published, in 1844, in the “*Britannic Censor of European Philosophy*,” republished, in 1847, in the *Medical Times*. If the knowledge or science of this law of mind had been as generally diffused as the useless metaphysical rubbish once so popular, hydrophobia would have been as rare in London as it has been in Glasgow, where none of the members of the medical profession, says Professor Macleod, had ever seen it before. It arose there “all of a sudden,” and we see the Scotch physician did not take “half a century” in awaking to a scientific perception of its efficient cause.

THE *Weekly Dispatch* says, “A well-known London sporting paper has been ostracised after a peculiar fashion. As everybody knows, Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have a monopoly of the sale of books and newspapers in the railway stations. The newspaper in question is noted for a column or two of social news which is treated after a free fashion that is not common to staid journalism. The manager was warned that this style of writing hardly accorded with Messrs. Smith and Son's standard of good taste, and if this sort of freedom were continued the paper would not be sold at the bookstalls. This threat was ultimately carried into effect, and as the paper in question had half its circulation at the bookstalls, the consequences are somewhat serious.” Readers of that sporting paper know well enough that the power thus exercised by Messrs. Smith and Son has been wisely and wholesomely used, not abused; and we therefore, think that the following comments thereon, cut from the same source, are neither called for nor justified. Our contemporary adds, “The main point in the public interest is this—whether the holders of a bookstall monopoly should have power to exercise such a censorship as that in the present case. No reasonable man would object to the suppression of unsavoury literature, but where can any man, short of a police magistrate, fairly draw the line? Some of the numbers of the *World* have contained quite as much unwholesome writing as the journal in question, and yet the *World* can be bought at every bookstall. Messrs. Smith possess a powerful monopoly, their business arrangements have been of great benefit to the public, as well as of profit to themselves, and the case in question may have deserved some notice, but it is a bold thing to deprive a journal of half its circulation.” On the same principle that respectable shopkeepers justly decline to exhibit in their windows indecent photographs, Messrs. Smith and Son as justly refused to exhibit on their stalls indecent paragraphs in large type, leaded and “whited” into prominence on the front page of “a sporting newspaper,” and the public will rather support the “bold thing” they have done in the interests of public decency, than quarrel with them for the exercise of a power which, when abused, the public can promptly and effectually destroy. It is very characteristic of the school of thinkers now governing the *Dispatch* to fall foul of power as power, and, without regarding the wisdom of its use, condemn it root and branch, merely for the possibility of its abuse.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical Testimony states that no other medicine is so effective in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One lozenge alone gives relief, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[Advrt.]

SCENE FROM “THE FORTY THIEVES,” AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

OUR critic has already dealt with this pantomime, but the drawing did not reach us early enough to accompany the notice. Indeed, to go to press on Thursday with any drawings of pantomimes produced on the previous Tuesday, was a task so extraordinary as to test all our usual resources to their utmost stretch. Of all places in the world, Drury-lane Theatre is that in which one expects to see a really good pantomime, and there, at least, one is usually not disappointed. This year the great annual holiday feature is certainly fully up to its highest standard of previous pantomimes, *The Forty Thieves*, in the hands of Mr. Blanchard, being charmingly effective and complete, as a story. The scenery, by Mr. Beverly, being what Mr. Beverly's scenery usually is, most effective and picturesque. Mr. A. J. Bradwell's mechanical effects being of the best and cleverest, in both invention and execution; and with excellent music and management, extraordinary gymnastic feats, good singing and dancing, spiced with plenty of real pantomime fun, the whole affair continues to go off swimmingly, delighting crowded audiences on every successive night.

“A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!” (A SERMON AT THE FEAST.)

THE presence of a jovial clerical chairman at a New-Year's feast, who combines regard for his professional character with due sense of the mirthful duties of his position is admirably expressed in our artist's picture. The upraised finger beside the sparkling glass, the rollicking mirth of the broad genial smile, combine the characteristics of these mingled feelings admirably. We fancy we hear him say:—“A Happy New Year to You! and may we deserve it, by &c.” We are not at the feast, and he is not our chairman, and the rest can be imagined.

SAM HAGUE'S MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

THIS celebrated troupe of minstrels, who have now enjoyed the unprecedented provincial run of seven years, continue to be one of the leading attractions in Liverpool during the holidays. We are not surprised at their wonderful success, for Mr. Sam Hague has the happy knack of pleasing everybody, with the versatile entertainment which he puts forth to some thousands of spectators nightly. The company, which comprises upwards of forty performers, is so diversified that it would be impossible to speak of their individual merits, one and all being of a superior class. The hall, which is capable of holding over two thousand persons, is one of the finest in the kingdom, Mr. Hague having expended something like thirteen thousand pounds in its restoration since the lamentable fire which occurred in 1875. With such a magnificent hall, and a powerful company, we wonder not that Sam Hague's minstrels have become so flourishing an institution in Liverpool. Long may they flourish, for they are the acme of all such minstrelsy.

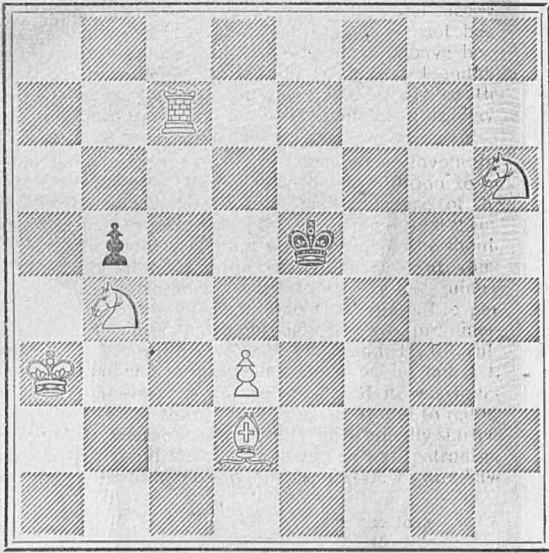
CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. (Bath).—The problem is too simple. Try problems in three and four moves, until you have gained more experience.
J. B. (Boxford).—A neat little stratagem. It is given below. Look at No. 125 again.
Problem No. 124 has been correctly solved by J. B.; Tight Stays; Alfronton; Bitter Beer; Jacobus; and J. G. Fallows.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 124.
WHITE.
1. R to Q 7
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 126.
BY J. BYNG, OF BOXFORD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

AMERICAN CHESS.

A LIVELY little *partie* in which Captain Mackenzie yields the odds o Q R, to an American Amateur.

[EVANS' GAMBIT.]
WHITE (Capt. M.) BLACK (Amateur)
1. P to K 4 P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3 Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4 B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4 B takes Kt P
5. P to Q B 3 B to R 4
6. Castles Kt to K B 3
7. Kt to Kt 5 P to Q 4
8. P takes P Kt takes P
9. P to K B 4 B to K 3
10. P to Q 4 Kt to K 6
11. B takes B Kt takes Q
12. B takes P (ch) K to K 2
13. B to R 3 (ch) K to B 3
14. B Pts P (dble ch) K takes Kt
15. B to B 3 (ch) K to Kt 5
16. P to R 3 (ch) K to Kt 6
17. B to R 4 (ch) K to R 5
18. P to Kt 3 (ch) K takes P
19. B to K 6 mate.

(a) White could have mated in three moves at this point, e.g. :—

WHITE. BLACK.
16. R to B 4 (ch) K to K 4
17. P to R 4 (ch) K to R 3
18. R to B 6 double check and mate.

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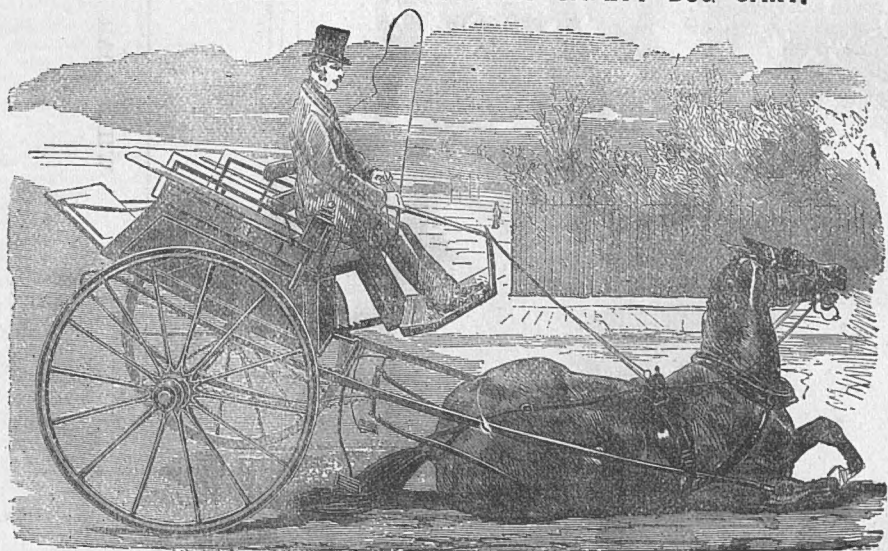
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ON Friday last, the second special private express train left Charing Cross at 3.45, and arrived at Ramsgate punctually to the time appointed.

On Saturday, a large party sat down to the excellent table d'hôte

in the magnificent dining-hall of the hotel, and the usual evening entertainment given at eight o'clock, was attended by a very good audience, which we are sure will greatly increase when the excellent and liberal arrangements made by the enterprising manager, Mr. G. Verini, become better known to the neighbourhood. Mr. Lin Rayne, the well-known elocutionist, gave several recitations and readings in the first part of the programme, amongst

them being "The Execution of Montrose," "Little Jem," "Dora" (Tennyson), and "Major Namby," by Wilkie Collins; the latter afforded unqualified delight, and Mr. Rayne was greatly applauded and recalled in front of the curtain. Mr. Francis Wyatt then followed with some capital imitations of "Street Musical Instruments." The concluding portion of the programme consisted of a performance of Mr. Walter Lisle's comedieta, *The*



WILD BOAR HUNTING—THE ALARM.

Love Test, ably illustrated by Mr. Lin Rayne and Miss Plowden, of the Royal Court Theatre. St. Lawrence-on-Sea was specially favoured by most brilliant summer weather, and we noticed, as an evidence of the warm climate, several rose-trees in full bloom out in the open air.

THE MAGPIE MINSTRELS recently gave an entertainment at the Church Institute, Wandsworth, when an amusing programme was presented to a numerous audience. Some original pieces,

written by a gentleman well known on the local press, were received with special favour, and "A Solemn Lecture on Birds, Beasts, and other Insects," was given by Mr. Charles Bower with excellent effect. Mr. George Scofield, who sang several songs and ballads with much feeling, produced a deep impression on the audience by his touching rendering of "Under the Willow." This serious mood Bones, Mr. Alf Strong, however, soon succeeded in dispelling by his ingenious witticisms and mirth and laughter-provoking performances, and Mr. H. B. Moseley, who

presided at the pianoforte, made good and skillful use of an indifferent instrument, hardly allowing us, in fact, to discern the least marked difference between his performance here and a previous one we had witnessed some time before at the Cannon-street Hotel, when he had a much superior instrument to play upon. The proceeds of the entertainments given by the Magpie Minstrels are devoted entirely to benevolent purposes.

THE Christmas burlesque, *The Lying Dutchman*, has not been produced by Mr. William Holland.—*Yorick*.